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APOLLO

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(The Six Collection)

PORTRAIT OF BURGOMEISTER SIX

Etching (second state) by Rembrandt

Recently purchased at the sale in Amsterdam by Messrs. P. & D. Colnaghi for £7,500, being a record price for any print

THE SIX SALE AT AMSTERDAM

By WILLIAM GIBSON



LANDSCAPE IN MOONLIGHT

By Aart van der Neer

Price realized at sale £4,000

FOLLOWING the death last year of its former owner Professor Jan Six a part of the famous Six collection appeared for sale on October the 16th at the F. Muller galleries in Amsterdam. The collection was in a sense a national institution. The family had for some time removed from the Heerengracht, but the visitor to Amsterdam might view the pictures in the house there on the presentation of an introduction from his consul. This adds to the interest given to the sale by the importance of the pictures sold and the fact that their first collector, Burgomeister Jan Six, was the contemporary of the artists represented.

Ere this review is published the pictures will already have realized their prices, but whether they were judged as marketable commodities or as works of art the first among them would be the Hobbema landscape, No. 14. This painting of cottages seen through the trees is a very fine example indeed of Hobbema's work. There is nothing forced or violent about the description of the tone values and the recessions of the foliage and the buildings behind them on the left. But the more one examines them the more one discovers that which Hobbema has noted. It is a wonderful piece of subtle tone notation within

a narrow scale, and keeping his scale limited Hobbema has woven the whole passage into one beautiful piece of texture. Then on the right the landscape opens out, the blue sky is reflected in the water in the foreground and the bright light plays on the grass and the road. How many of the delightful things photography will reproduce it is of course impossible to say, but the original is one of those pictures which yield fresh interests at every inspection.

A curious fact in view of the excellence of Hobbema's painting is that all his artistic work was very possibly done in the first thirty years of his life. Born in 1638 he married in 1668 the cook of Lambert Reynst, the burgomeister of his native town, Amsterdam. Through the influence of another maid in the same household the following year he was appointed a wine-gauger. This was a whole-time occupation which left him no leisure for painting for the last forty years of his life. The one picture which may have been painted later than 1669 is the "Avenue, Middelharnis," in the National Gallery. The question rests on the reading of the date, some authorities considering it to be 1669, while others interpret the penultimate figure as an 8.

The "Mountain Torrent," No. 40, by Hobbema's master, Ruysdael, is one of

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THE HAMLET IN THE WOOD

By M. Hobbema

Purchased at the Six Collection sale by Messrs. Knoedler for £33,000

those where he adopts the style of subject made popular by Everdingen's transcriptions of Norwegian scenery. Ruysdael never visited that country, but his inspiration in these pictures is probably drawn from travels in Germany. The height of the mountains there he emphasizes by the closeness of his viewpoint. Although not related to Hobbema's work with the closeness with which some of this artist's work is, it shows the relationship of the master and the pupil clearly enough in a general way. The other Ruysdael in the sale is a little snow-scene. These winter landscapes by Ruysdael are exceedingly rare. De Groot mentions some forty-five out of a total *œuvre* of 1,075; of these the writer can recollect but two others, one in the Rijks Museum and one belonging to Mr. Goudstikker. Judged on this rather scanty evidence they do not seem the best branch of Ruysdael's art. Ruysdael was at his best in the painting of stormy sea-pieces, again very rare,

and scenes where some expanse of country was to be shown in a rainy atmosphere.

The best side of Aart van der Neer's work is shown in his "Moonlight Scene," No. 30, which shows what a very fine painter he could be. He was a very uneven painter, being hard-pressed for money through the whole of his life and producing, in consequence, many highly-finished, mechanical pieces to provide himself with sustenance. In his more sketchy works, tending almost to a brown monochrome, such as the Six picture, pictures painted one imagines for the love of the subject, the mechanical moonlight effects are replaced by real observation. The writer has never seen a better example of it than here. There is an extraordinary subtlety in the rendering of the sky from which the moon shines and in the play of the light on the buildings to the left. The whole is luminous in spite of the simplicity with which the effect is produced. The palings on the left in the middle distance,

The Six Sale at Amsterdam

which are caught by the light, are rendered by simple scratches with some blunt point on the dark-brown paint, while it was still wet, allowing the wood to show through. Outlines drawn in a similar way round the figure on the cart and along the back of the horse express perfectly the moonlight passing round and over these forms. The method is as different from that, for example, of the large polished painting in the National Gallery as is the observation.

Two other interesting landscapes are the Adriaan van de Velde, No. 47, and the Everdingen, No. 11. The former is a breezy little picture possibly of the beach at Zandvoort, thinly painted on wood with a very vigorous, lively touch. The latter is a snow-scene with a surprisingly modern look; the treatment of the trees is almost that of nineteenth-century France. The other Adriaan van de Velde, a painting of a cow drinking, is one of his brightly-coloured enamelled pieces, modern in another way. The writer has always suspected the Spencers of learning much from this sort of Van de Velde, among other things from the



THE EAVESDROPPER

By Nicolas Maes

Price at sale £5,000

latter's khaki-coloured shadows in his flesh passages.

A landscape of historical rather than artistic interest is Willem Schellinks' view of the Thames at Rochester showing the Dutch expedition of 1667 under de Ruyter. In the foreground the English troops under the Duke of York arrive just too late to prevent the destruction of the fortifications. Of the pictures closely allied to landscape mention may be made of a beautiful street scene by Jan van der Heyde. The scene is the canal of Old Delft with the tower of St. Hippolyte in the background. There is also a picture of the château of Heemstede by Berckheyde. The ugliness of the building somewhat detracts from the pleasure of the picture, but there is at the same time a distinct charm in the painting of the spring sunshine with the little figures so obviously enjoying its brightness and warmth.

Of the genre scenes pride of place must in the writer's opinion go to the Terborch. It is one of that artist's favourite subjects, a girl reading at a table on which a red-patterned cloth is turned back and behind her pyramid of the curtains of a bed. The pink of her jacket and the red of the cloth have a faded quality which joins with the quality of freshness



DUTCH INTERIOR

By Pieter de Hoogh

Price at sale £12,000

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts



THE LETTER

By Gerard Terborch

Price at sale £25,500

in the flesh painting and the delicate exactness of the outlines and design to give that sense of exquisiteness which is Terborch's greatest charm. It is the same charm which one finds in the blue-black dress and the outlines of his pair of male and female portraits in the Rijks Museum. The Ostade "Fish Market," dated 1672, is another fine genre study. Here the forcefulness of the design is, perhaps, the most interesting quality; in particular the figure in the foreground with his back to the spectator and cut off at the waist by the frame strikes an unexpected and arresting note as he hurries into the picture.

The de Hoogh "Interior" is a little disappointing. It is dated 1663, but in the darkness of the foreground room it resembles rather his later work when the subtlety of his description of sunlight was lost in the effort to be forceful. On the other hand Jan Steen's painting of a girl eating oysters is a very fine example of that artist's work. The catalogue of the sale suggests that it is, perhaps, his

most attractive work, and that may well be so. To the writer's knowledge we have no pictures by Steen in this particular mood in our public galleries. It is the mood of extreme delicacy in paint and presentation with which Steen sometimes replaced his more robust point of view and handling, and in the details of the objects on the table he shows how very delicately and with what perfection of substance he could paint when he wanted to. Curiously enough, Ochtervelt's painting of another feast of oysters (No. 32) comes much closer to what we are accustomed here to find in Steen's work, even down to the red and gold of the girl's dress. The Maes "Eavesdropper" is one of several versions of the subject which he painted. It is dated 1657. There is one in the Royal collection at Buckingham Palace, dated 1655, and another, dated 1656, at Hertford House.

No. 9, "The Milkmaid," is by Cornelis Dusart, an artist of Haarlem, like Ostade,



THE OYSTER EATERS

By Jan Steen

Price at sale £17,400

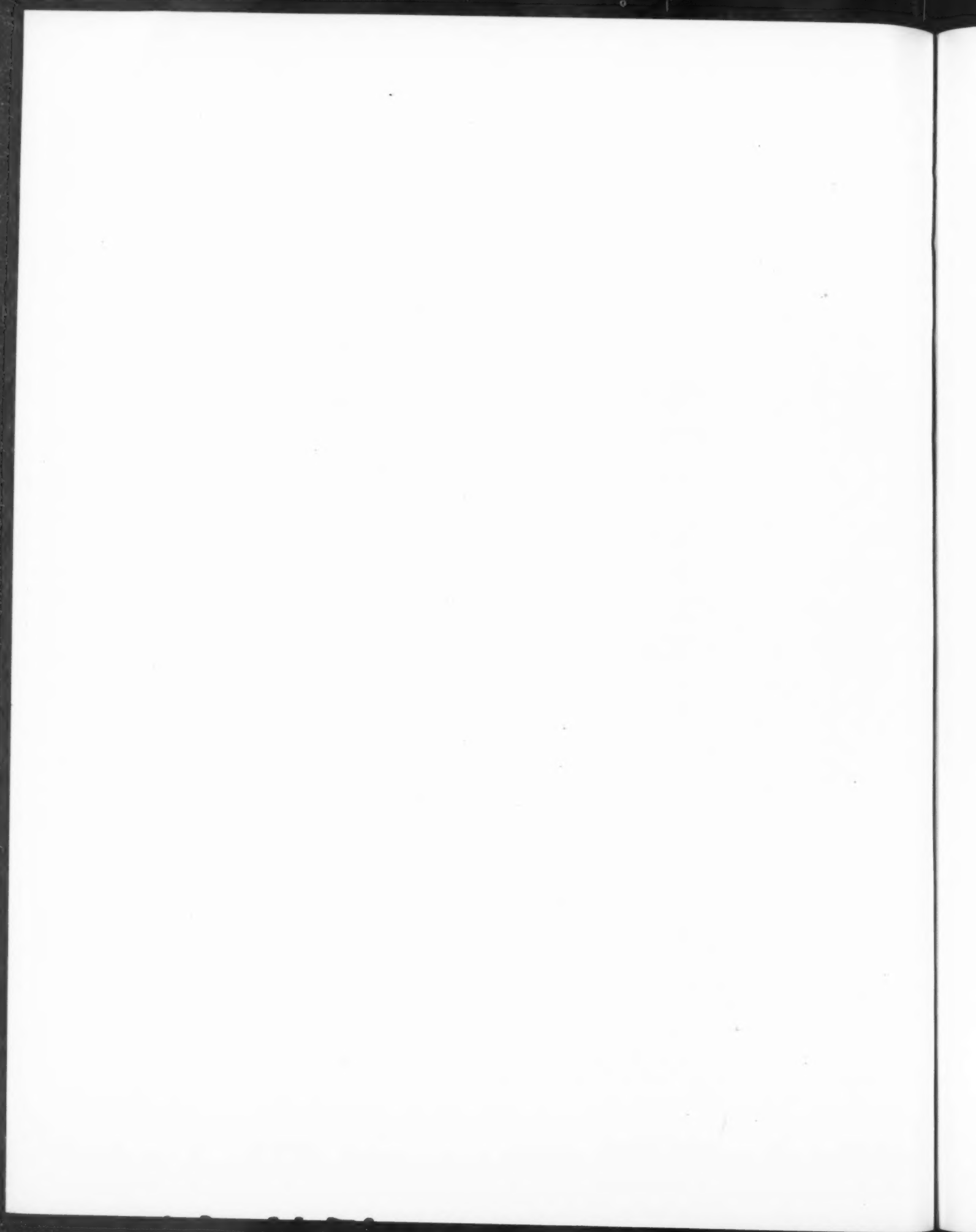


(The Six Collection)

JOSEPH RECOUNTING HIS DREAM

Original drawing by Rembrandt

Purchased at the Amsterdam Sale for £3,250



The Six Sale at Amsterdam

who worked close to the latter's manner, but without quite his perfection of substance. He employs the same greys, greyish-blues, and plum-colour as Ostade, but in this picture, for example, the harshness of the black tunic, yellow sleeve and red cap of the boy have not the earlier painter's quiet richness of harmony.

The illustration of Jordaen's "Adoration of the Shepherds" must speak for itself to leave space for a brief mention of the Rembrandt

etchings and drawings. The etchings consist of the portrait of 1647 of the Burgomeister Jan Six and the "Marriage of Jason and Creusa" of 1648. There is an impression of the second state of the former with signature and the date, the 6 and 4 in reverse, and also one of the third state with the title "Jan Six Æ 29" added and the date corrected. Six did not become burgomeister until 1691. At the period between 1641 and 1658 he was a frequent patron of Rembrandt and possibly bought the artist's collection of his own etched work at the sale of 1658 after Rembrandt's bankruptcy. There is a drawing belonging to the Six family for the etching which is not in the sale.

Of the other etching there are three impressions, one of the third state without the verses, printed on a double sheet; one on a similar sheet of the fourth state with the verses, signature and date added; and another of the

fourth state with a centimetre margin. The etching was in illustration to Six's rhymed tragedy. Both etchings belong to that wonderful period of Rembrandt's development as an etcher before his style broadened with the full use of drypoint. The "Jan Six" is one of the best examples of the portraits of this manner, another is the portrait of the "Jewish Physician Parius" of 1648, while perhaps the greatest of the subject-pieces is the "Entombment" of 1645.

The finest of the drawings is that illustrated here, "Joseph Recounting his Dream," while another fine drawing is that of "Isaac Blessing Jacob." A little drawing of Professor Deyman's anatomy lesson is also interesting in connection with the picture in the Rijks Museum, which was damaged in a fire in 1723.

The writer must end by acknowledging his thanks to Mr. Mensing and his son for their

great kindness to a stranger to them who arrived at an awkward time while they were busy actually arranging the pictures in the gallery. Notwithstanding the pressure on their time they gave him every help in seeing the pictures and in arranging the drawings and etchings most conveniently for his examination. A great pleasure was added to the reviewing of this admirable collection by the ideal conditions under which it was seen.



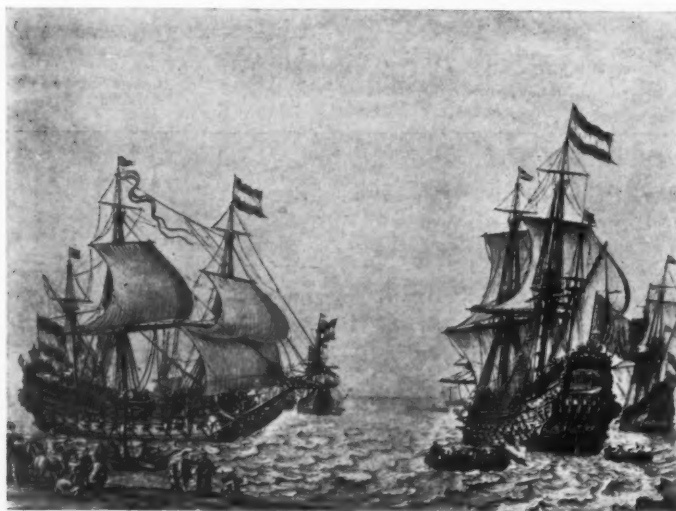
THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS

By Jaert Jordaens

Price at sale £2,000

PICTURES FROM THE MACPHERSON COLLECTION AT THE GUILDHALL

By MALCOLM C. SALAMAN



DUTCH MEN-OF-
WAR

35 $\frac{3}{4}$ " \times 47 $\frac{1}{4}$ "

Grisaille-painting
by W. Van de Velde
(1654)

AFTER periods of tantalizing anxiety, when it seemed as if patriotism could not spare money enough to keep the great Macpherson collection of marine prints and pictures on this side of the Atlantic, the generosity and public spirit of one man, Sir James Caird, supplementing with a gift of no less than £90,000 the gallant efforts which had with difficulty accumulated from all sources something over £10,000, has made this wonderful record of sea-service and adventure a national possession. Accordingly, the Admiralty has now appropriately taken it over from Mr. A. G. H. Macpherson, who, with increasing enthusiasm, industry, and knowledge, has been for the last eighteen years amassing this huge collection, which he modestly describes as "The Sea-story of the English-speaking Race," though it would really seem to comprise much more than this—in fact, the story of the sea all the world over. Its educational value is of course immense, and Greenwich, as the home of the Royal Naval College, is the natural gathering-place for such a collection; but as the new buildings in which it is to be definitely housed will not be ready for another three or four years, a part only of the collection has gone there. Meanwhile, the

Corporation of the City of London has generously placed a portion of the Guildhall Art Gallery at the Admiralty's disposal for an exhibition of prints and pictures chosen to indicate something of the wealth of material that Mr. Macpherson has accumulated. The great majority of the collection naturally consists of prints, which range over every phase of interest concerning those who "go down to the sea in ships"; but since these date back to very early woodcuts and line-engravings—for it was not till the last quarter of the eighteenth century that the various methods of the prints permitted any colour, the newly-developed aquatint being the method to lend itself best to naval scenes, with a tint or two in the printing and the rest of the colouring applied by hand—we must look to the painters of the seventeenth century and the earlier decades of the eighteenth for interpretation through colour, and then principally to the Dutch. For the Dutch had the sea-spirit in them as much as we had, and they began earlier to express it in pictures. When they sent their navies adventuring for conquest and trade to the Indies, and engaging in battle with Spanish or Portuguese or British fleets, they had their Van de Veldes, their Backhuysen, Zeeman

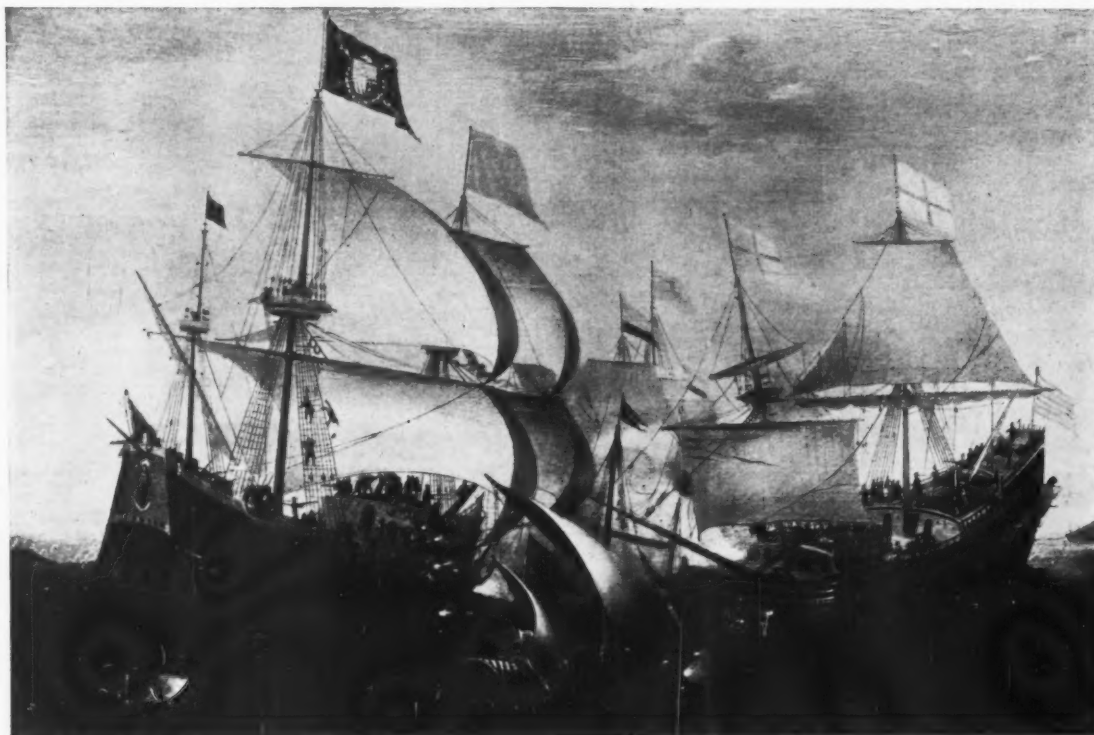


Pictures from the Macpherson Collection at the Guildhall

(or Nooms), Aert Van Antum, Abraham Storck, and others, to give their spirited pictorial interpretations of the event, with particular knowledge of the ways of wind and wave, and the build and behaviour of ships, such as would appeal to a people so familiar with the sea as the Dutch. We English, on the other hand, though a maritime people, with "Rule, Britannia! Britannia, Rule the Waves" graven on the national heart, were a long time

Pocock, Robert Dodd, the Cleveleys, Richard Paton and Francis Swaine began to interpret the exploits of our eighteenth-century navy in vivid and spirited pictures, we should rely on the downrightness of Dutch art to fill the gap.

Appropriately, therefore, since he used his incomparable art in the English service subsequent to the Dutch, we have that master of nautical draughtsmanship and marine painting, Willem Van de Velde the Younger—based



SEAFIGHT AS BETWEEN DUTCH AND SPANIARDS

Oil-painting by Aert Van Antum (1610)

13½" × 19½"

giving our few marine painters any encouragement. In the seventeenth century we had practically none at all, and in the eighteenth only those were attracted to paint shipping and, incidentally, the sea, who had had some personal experience of both. It was not like nowadays, when the sea is familiar to all as it was to the seventeenth-century Dutch; comparatively few inlanders had ever seen the sea; it was strange, fearful, and fabulous, and the account of a naval action must have sounded like some weird wonder-tale. It was well, then, that before our Peter Monamy, Charles Brooking and Dominic Serres, our Nicholas

doubtless on drawings from the actual ships by his only less great father of the same name—represented here by some wonderful grisaille-paintings, done in 1654, when the younger was only twenty-one, in which the several warships, beautifully composed and drawn to perfection in every detail of hull and rigging, sit stately in the buoyant waters which they naturally displace with their weight and bulk. Of these, "Dutch Men-of-War" is reproduced, though the calm "Shipping," an oil-painting of obviously later date, has a remarkable appeal of light behind all the craft, which is focussed by one man wading in the water. A beautiful

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self - portrait of this gifted artist occupies an important place in the exhibition.

Then, there is a fine seascape with shipping, "The Coming Storm," the vessels tossing about in the storm-threatened sea under a menacing sky, by Ludolf Backhuysen, one of the best of Dutch marine-painters, whose passion for truth in art would induce him to go out to sea in small craft in any gale that would afford him opportunities for studying at first hand the turbulent waves. A spirited "Dutch and Portuguese Seafight" represents another fine sea-painter, Reynier Nooms (known as Zeeman), who, apart



DUTCH MEN-OF-WAR

Grisaille-painting by Van Mooy (1666)

32½" × 47½"

from his varied picturings of craft and naval scenes, and his patriotic attitude that would always show his country top-dog in the fights, is particularly interesting as having through his etchings inspired the great Meryon to etch. A still earlier painter was Aert Van Antum, whose "Dutch and Spanish Seafight" gives us a

"close-up" view of the ships' decks during the hurly-burly of the battle, while the arrangement of the hulls and the sails compose a rhythmical effect. The pictures of Abraham Storck, by their bright, fresh colouring and their diverse interest of shipping and smaller craft, the



SHIPPING IN A CALM

32" × 48"

Oil-painting by Jan Van de Capelle (1624-1679)

Pictures from the Macpherson Collection at the Guildhall



COMING STORM

13½" × 17½"

Oil-painting by L. Backhuysen (1631-1708)

incidental people ashore, afloat, or actually swimming, with the buildings of Amsterdam in the distance, are peculiarly attractive. The one reproduced in colours, "Off Amsterdam," is of extraordinary interest, and Professor Geoffrey Callender, of the Royal Naval College, and Mr. Perrin, the Admiralty librarian, have between them identified the State barge, which is putting off to the flagship, as one of the West India Company's, not the East India's. This is one of a pair, and there is yet another scarcely less interesting. One picture there is, by P. Van Soest, which has been identified as representing that day of Dutch pride and English humiliation when, on June 7, 1667, Admiral de Ruyter with seventy ships captured Sheerness and sailed up the Medway, destroying British ships of war and eventually capturing the *Royal Charles*, which in the picture the Dutch are seen to be gallantly boarding. There is another grisaille painting, by C. Van Mooy, representing a Dutch fleet in full sail, done in 1666, probably Admiral Opdam's fleet, which suffered defeat at the hands of the English on June 3, 1665, for two of these ships

have been identified as de Ruyter's *Seven Provinces* and Opdam's *Eendracht*. This is an exquisite piece of work in the Van de Velde manner. "Shipping in a Calm" is not, perhaps, quite a typical Van de Capelle, lacking his characteristic atmospheric lightness; but "Dutch River Scene," attributed to Theodore Michau, is a picture full of life and light and air, with many yachts sailing and the banks gay with people of various degree pleasantly pursuing the idle moment. Very different are "Whale Fishing," by Abraham Matthys (or Matthysens), a Flemish artist of the early seventeenth century, which in a well-arranged picture shows the whalers at their work, with the cumbersome cetaceans floundering about, and "Dutch Whalers in the Ice," by Adam Silo, a fellow of many talents and activities culminating in good painting. Skating, sledging, and golf-playing animate the picture with incidental interest, but the main pictorial motive is the compelling power of ice that keeps the vessels bound. A rare and vigorous, though somewhat confused "Early Dutch Yachts Racing in the Zuyder Zee," by the little-known Ertvelt (about



WHALE FISHING (1623)

23½" × 35"

Oil-painting by A. Matthys (c. 1620)

1630); a very curious allegorical painting of the middle-sixteenth century, showing a boatful of pious beings or saints, with two mermaids who are admiring themselves in mirrors, and wild men in the rear, all out of perspective; and a remarkable picture of Herri Met de Bles (1480-1550), an artist with a habit of painting several pictures in one, showing, in this instance, "The Fall of Lucifer," I imagine: war by sea and land, and Lucifer in the centre fallen all of a heap in the light from heaven, while up in the extreme left corner a possible Christ is looking down upon it all—these, by showing boats, assert their claim to be in the collection. Then, switching off from the Dutch to the Italian scene, we find a beautiful picture by Michele Marieschi, of Venice, and the Bucentaur, with St. Mark's, the Piazzetta, and the

Doge's Palace, all delineated in their architectural completeness; but dominant in its place among the gay gondoliers is the barge that was wont to carry the Doge in state to the bridal of Venice with the Adriatic.

But we must not forget that these pictures belong to the "Sea-story of the English-speaking Race," and the English painters only began to take notice of the sea in the eighteenth century. Here is Isaac Sailmaker,

who was once a protégé of Cromwell, with a capital view of the Battle of Malaga, August 13, 1704, showing Rooke's flagship engaging that of the French Admiral de Toulouse, and away in the distance Sir Cloudesley Shovel attacking the enemy's van. Then, here is Peter Monamy, who was born in Jersey in 1670, though in very poor circumstances,

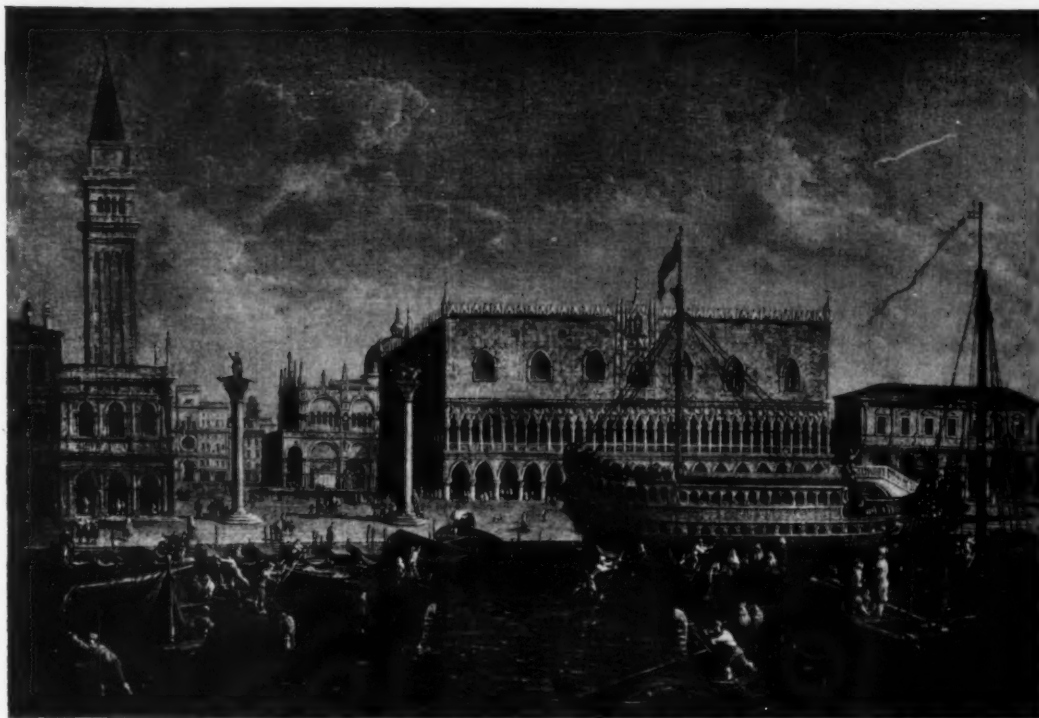


A BATTLE AT SEA

Oil-painting by R. Zeeman (1623-1668)

17½" × 24½"

Pictures from the Macpherson Collection at the Guildhall



THE BUCENTAUR. Built at Venice 1722-29; burned 1798

19½" × 17½"

Oil-painting by M. Marieschi



THE ROYAL YACHT ROYAL GEORGE OFF GREENWICH

29½" × 42½"

Oil-painting by W. Anderson (1757-1837)

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BATTLE OF QUIBERON BAY, November 20, 1759
Oil-painting by F. Swaine. Died 1782



DUTCH WHALERS IN THE ICE 17½" × 24½"
Oil-painting by A. Silo (1670-1760)

but fortune sent him to live on London Bridge as apprentice to a sign-painter, and there, watching the water eddying about the piers, and all the shipping that came up the river, he developed a talent for painting the sea and ships—one of the earliest British artists to do so. He died in 1749, but the "Royal George"—not Kempenfeldt's, but a much earlier ship, built in 1672 as the *Royal Charles*, then rebuilt for the second time in 1715—and "Man-of-War Saluting," as well as the important "Fleet at Sea" (admirable works all), were, I should fancy, painted several years before his death. Monamy's pupil, Francis Swaine, is represented here by a spirited version, though differing from the well-known picture at Greenwich, of the crowning victory of Quiberon Bay, November 20, 1759, when the gallant Hawke got de Conflant's fleet hemmed in within the bay, and, pounding away at the French till darkness and a gale intervened, he destroyed or captured a number of ships—that in the centre of the picture, with many of the crew swarming

up the masts as the vessel is foundering, being either the *Thésée* or *Superbe*. Swaine's "Naval Review" is of less historic interest. Dominic Serres who, though a Gascon born (in 1722) has been annexed to the British school and was one of the original Royal Academicians, ran away to sea, rose to be master of a merchantman, was taken prisoner by a British frigate in 1758 and brought to England. Thenceforward he devoted himself to marine-painting and depicting the feats of our navy. In "The Attack on Fort Royal, Martinique," he represents the unsuccessful attack by Moore's squadron on January 16, 1759, a result which was splendidly altered by

Rodney's fleet bombarding and silencing the batteries on January 16, 1762, and capturing the place after hard fighting — of which Dominic Serres also made a painted record. His "Fitting Out at Portsmouth, 1770" is of particular interest for its local and naval details. Perhaps the most beautiful picture of a naval engagement in the gallery is "Capture of the



H.M.S. ROYAL GEORGE 41" × 50" By P. Monamy (1670-1749)

Pictures from the Macpherson Collection at the Guildhall

Résistance and *Constance* by the *San Fiorenzo* and *Nymphe*," off Brest, March 9, 1797. These two British 36-gun frigates gallantly figured in several brilliant actions which Nicholas Pocock was to depict, as he has this, which is reproduced in colours, with the sounding sense of the sea, ships in deadly grip of conflict, the sky full of smoke and cloud, and distant across the waves the light and peaceful cliffs. Pocock had commanded merchant vessels before (a born draughtsman) he devoted himself to art with the encouragement of Sir Joshua Reynolds. From Robert Dodd we get a conception of "The Pool of London," about 1785, very different from that represented in the etching of our modern McBey or even of the earlier Whistler: for here are none but sailing vessels, with the Tower standing clearly four-square to the winds; but Dodd, who lived by the riverside and was one of the most popular and expert of our maritime artists, we shall find plentifully represented as a painter and engraver of the naval fights with which we have paid the price of Admiralty. There is a spirited picture of Greenwich, about 1817, with the newly-built Royal yacht *Royal George* moored off the Hospital,

and several State barges on the river, painted by the Scottish artist, William Anderson, which has its peculiarly appropriate place here.

It will be seen, however, that while the interest of this collection of pictures is mainly historic and technical, as it should be, the artistic and decorative sides have by no means been overlooked; but it is in the domain of prints that is found the vast range of Mr. Macpherson's acquisitive zest and patience. The several categories into which it is divided, with the enormous number of items in each, show that here is not only an immense source of reference for students of all kinds, but a wealth of national inspiration for Britons and Britons yet to be. Discovery, naval actions, naval ships, portraits, not merely of admirals, but of all who have borne any part in the story of the sea, beautiful sailing ships, steamships, yachting, seaports, whaling, and last, but not least, rare old maps, either in scarce atlases or in single state—each of these classes has been begun with the zest of particular collecting, and proceeded logically and inevitably to the splendid result. But this is "another story," and it demands a further article.

SOME FRENCH FANS

By MRS. STEUART ERSKINE

THE folding fan, as we use it, has but a brief history of a few hundred years; but its predecessor, the screen fan, has been in existence from time immemorial. Derived from the winnowing fan that divides the chaff from the grain, the banner or screen fan had, at first, a sacred character. The Priestess of Isis fanned the sacred flame; the ritual fans were in use in the ancient world as well as in the wilds of Africa. We find them in Egypt and Assyria, whether used as ceremonial fans or simply as convenient objects to keep the flies from tormenting the great. We find them of all sorts of shapes and sizes, made of all sorts of material: from plaited straw to pure white jade with jewelled handles; from a wooden spatula to a tuft of peacock's feathers.

It is not certain at what date the folding fan first made its appearance, but Japan claims

the invention, as China claims that of the screen. Whatever the date of its first appearance in the East, the folding fan was brought to Europe in great quantities about the middle of the sixteenth century when Portugal had succeeded in monopolizing the trade of the East and was importing curios into Holland, from whence the charming new invention reached other countries. The folding fan appears to have superseded the scented leather or silk fans of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries very quickly; some of the earlier were made of vellum or paper and were skilfully cut to resemble embroidery. They were called *découpé* fans in France.

The Chinese fans that took the public taste were generally made of pierced ivory, with a ribbon through the tops of the sticks; they had no leaf, but were sometimes enriched with a cartouche. These *brisé* fans were

afterwards painted and treated with the "Vernis Martin," the design and colouring aiming at reproducing the style of the Chinese models.

The first painted leaves were all in direct imitation of the Oriental style, but, by degrees, that of the various countries into which the fans were transplanted asserted itself. And so we find that the style of the fans not only changes with the passage of time, but according to the trend of fashion in each particular country. Curiously enough, this frivolous little object of a woman's toilet actually illustrates the story of a nation; side by side with *fêtes galantes*, or such subjects as the "Bull Fight" fans of Spain, we have all sorts

of events illustrated, whether political or personal, tragic or comic. This is especially the case of the printed fans of the eighteenth century.

In considering the French fans, we find that they really throw side-lights on to history. We can follow the fortunes of the nation

from the pompous marriage fan of Louis XIV down to the horrors of the Revolution and on into the era of the Empire. Many of the subjects seem hardly to harmonize with the usual idea of a fan, which most of us associate with the lighter side of society; as records of events large and small, the printed fans have a distinct value.

It may be suggested here that the collection



FIG. I. MARRIAGE FAN OF LOUIS XIV OF FRANCE
British Museum

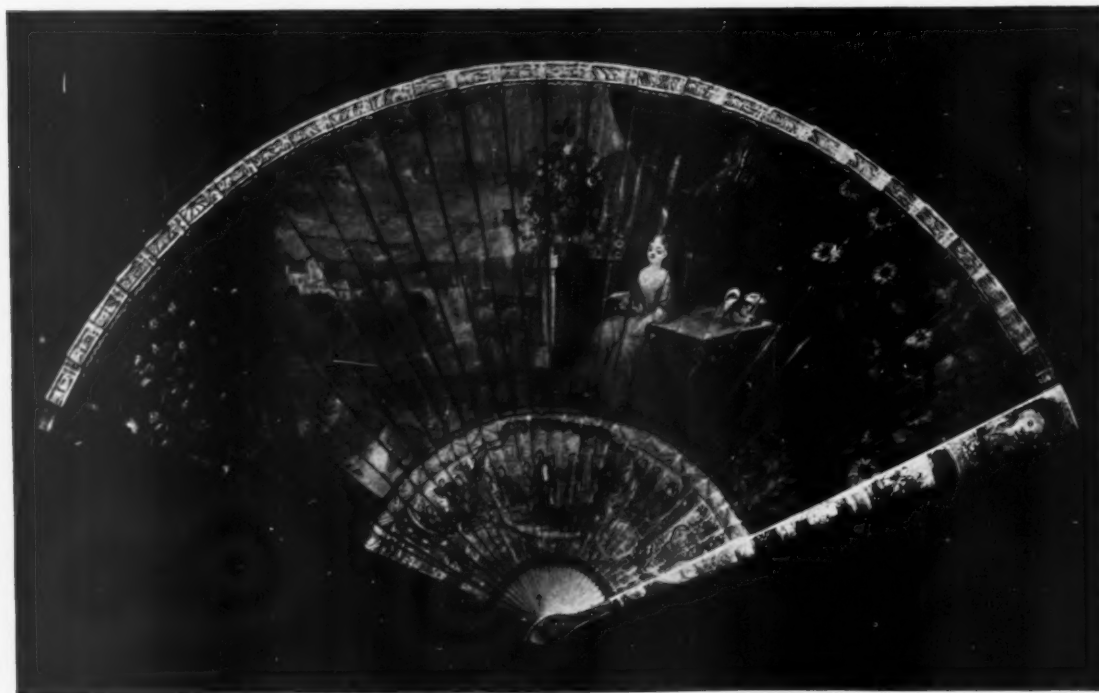


FIG. II. BRISÉ FAN, Vernis Martin; early eighteenth century
Victoria and Albert Museum

Some French Fans

of fans is one that presents no special difficulty; it has also the advantage of not taking up much room. In the spacious days of our ancestors, who collected whatever took their fancy, this question of limited wall-space and of overcrowded houses did not exist; in our day it is

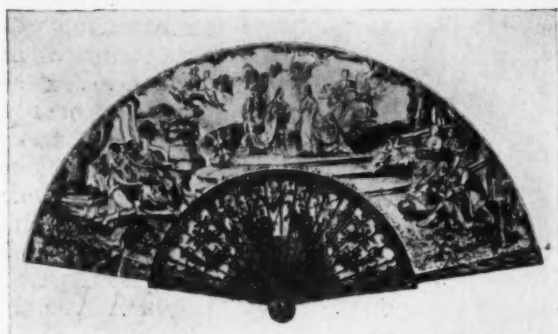


FIG. III. MARRIAGE FAN OF LOUIS XVI OF FRANCE

British Museum

one of some importance. Period fans can be obtained at fairly moderate prices, and they are not difficult to pick up. We can see from Lady Charlotte Schreiber's Diary that some amusement can be found in chasing art treasures in unlikely places; that they are still to be found is evident from the testimony of a collector who told me that he bought a fan in Seville Cathedral from a verger who had it from one of the nuns.

The fans that are shown in these plates are all drawn from the Schreiber collection in the British Museum and from the collection in the Victoria and Albert Museum, many of which were presented by Sir Matthew and Lady Digby Wyatt. They are therefore easily seen, as, although the Schreiber fans are not exhibited in the British Museum, they can be inspected in the Print Room. The Wyatt collection is on view in one of the galleries of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Fan painting first became an art in Europe in the seventeenth century, and the first country to be attracted by it was Italy; but the Italians never achieved the mastery that the French arrived at in the eighteenth century, and the French influenced the fan painters in other countries for a

considerable period. For beauty of workmanship and delicacy of painting their work in this particular field has no rival.

The marriage fan of Louis XIV and Maria Teresa of Spain (Fig. I) is the earliest on our list, the date being 1660. It shows the dignified character of the age, the formal setting, the stiff figures of the King and his bride, the rows of Court ladies in their gala dress, all of them carrying fans. Fat cupids adorn the nuptial bed, and another is bearing down through an open window with an olive branch in his hand. The fan, which has been unmounted and pasted on to wood, is painted in gouache. The colour is dark and rich.

Between this fan and the marriage fan of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette (Fig. III) there is a considerable difference, the latter being freer in handling and lighter in colour. Louis and his Queen are represented in classic costume as Pelias and Thetis; they are accompanied by a posse of gods and goddesses from Olympus. It is finely painted in gouache and mounted on sticks of carved tortoiseshell inlaid with mother-of-pearl. These fans seem to have been painted to commemorate a marriage and were given away after its celebration, probably by the bride.

A fan dating from the first half of the eighteenth century (Fig. II) is one of those copied from the Chinese and treated with Vernis Martin. This famous varnish, which was the secret of the brothers Martin, has often been copied, but never successfully; it was particularly suited to the delicate paintings on the fans, which had a great vogue in their day.



FIG. IV. PAINTED FAN, with mother-of-pearl sticks
Victoria and Albert Museum

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The brilliant greens and blues noticeable in this fan carry out the Oriental idea; but the lady seated at a table with a charming heraldic dog, gazing back over its floreated tail, is distinctly French, and we find the same mixture of types on the sticks and guards.

Another early eighteenth-century fan (Fig.

IV) has a battle scene painted in the centre, round which is a decoration of twisted white lace realistically painted, together with small red flowers and insects—incongruous but attractive. The sticks and guards of this fan are of the same type as those shown in Fig. V; they are of marvellous delicacy as well as beauty of colouring—the rainbow colour of the mother-of-pearl in both cases being set off by the solid embossed and gilded figures that form part of the design. The latter fan (Fig. V) is dated 1760; it is painted on paper with a scene suggestive of Watteau, and has a jewelled stud. The sticks of another—rather earlier—eighteenth-century fan (Fig. VI) are of pure white ivory; they touch each other, as all the more elaborate sticks do, forming a ground for a beautiful and intricate carving in the centre. The painting, representing Bacchus and Ariadne, is on vellum.

These sticks were not only valuable, being frequently made of silver or of tortoiseshell and mother-of-pearl, gilded and set with jewelled studs; they were veritable works of art. Great skill was necessary even in putting together the minute bits of shell to form a stick; cut into transparently thin slices they were often superimposed to give colour; the rosy shell backing the pale shell gave great brilliance to the effect of the background on which the tiny figures were embossed. In the ivory carvings the apparent depth and the actual finesse of the carving on so restricted a space is astonishing.

It has been pointed out that these sticks

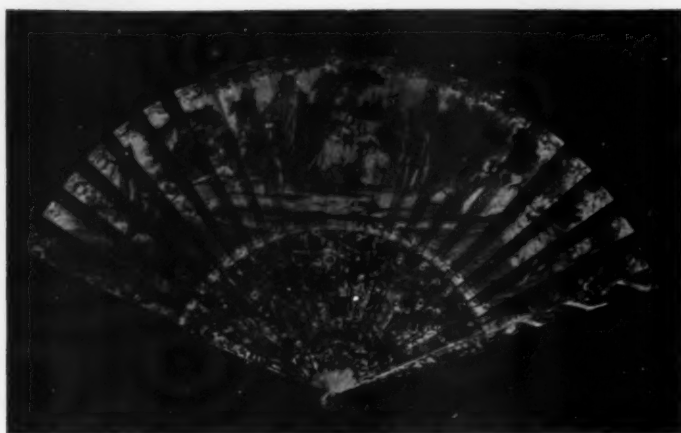


FIG. V. PAINTED FAN, with Watteau subjects (date 1760)
Victoria and Albert Museum

were in the hands of several different specialists before they were finished, and that they were completed quite independently of the leaf, which was added afterwards, painted by a different hand, and probably not in harmony with the sticks. The ivory carvers of Dieppe may have begun the decoration of the sticks

as far as piercing and carving went, but then they were sent on to others for the gilding and ornamentation or for the colour which was sometimes added. The greatest period of this elaborate and beautiful, if somewhat baroque art of the stick-carvers was during the reign of Louis XV, but it continued to flourish down to the time of the Revolution.

The fan leaf went through various phases. Sometimes it was large and sometimes small; in the days of the Empire it was small, and the sticks, so often studded and spangled, were more in harmony with the leaf than they had been in the days of their greatest development. One singular variation of the leaf is to be found in the "Cabriolet" fans that have now become rather rare. They have the leaf divided into two, and sometimes even three parts, with a space between. The reason for the name seems to be simply that this type of fan came into fashion when the cabriolet, a two-wheeled chaise, was the rage in Paris.

The artists who painted the fans were often skilful without being of the first order; they often painted scenes after famous painters, as we see in Fig. VII, where the centre painting is after Lancret and the side pieces after Chardin. This fan is in the Chinese style, the ground is diapered; in the medallions are etchings coloured by hand; the sticks are plain wood, with a painted design. On the reverse is a lady who, holding up a parasol, is seated in an Oriental garden.

Pastorals and classic subjects were favourites with fan painters, but topical subjects

Some French Fans

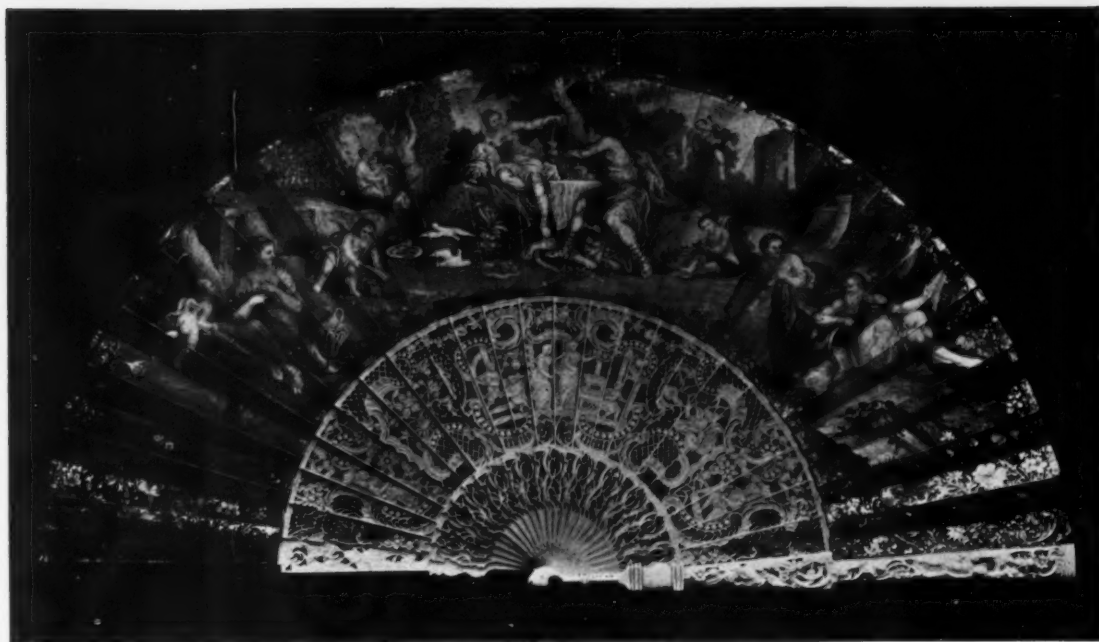


FIG. VI. FAN, painted on vellum with ivory sticks; early eighteenth century
Victoria and Albert Museum

were not neglected. Any incident that struck the public fancy was bound to be represented on the fan leaves of the day. The craze for Marlborough gave birth to a whole sequence of fans; political events, theatrical celebrities, some invention, such as the balloon ascent of M. Blanchard (Fig. VIII), was bound to receive recognition. The printed fans furnished sidelights on the social life of France.

These fans were very much cheaper than the painted fans which were executed on silk or the so-called chicken skin, and mounted on costly sticks; the plain sticks and guards

show the difference of style very clearly. After the Revolution broke out, this type of fan survived and was even made in great quantities. The subjects are often far removed from the decorative schemes of the older fan leaves, and the sticks are invariably plain. The carvers and gilders, the craftsmen who manipulated the infinitesimally thin sections of mother-of-pearl, building up the elaborate sticks and guards of the ornate ceremonial fans, had either joined the revolutionary party or had lost their lives on the scaffold. Plain sticks of wood or bone were



FIG. VII. FAN, with etchings coloured by hand
British Museum



FIG. VIII. THE BALLOON ASCENT OF
M. BLANCHARD. Printed Fan. *British Museum*

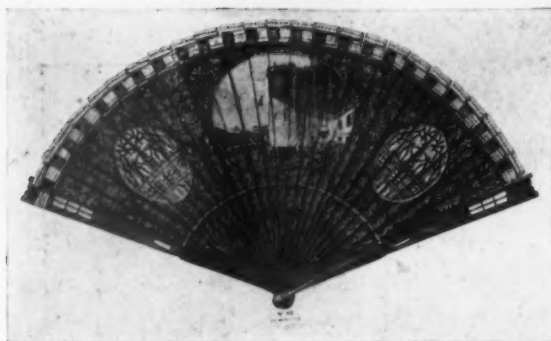


FIG. IX. THE TAKING OF THE BASTILLE;
etching coloured by hand
British Museum

now in use, and the subjects follow each phase of that tremendous upheaval.

The transient popularity of Philippe Egalité is shown in a print representing him standing as godfather to a poor man's child; Louis XVI appears as the reformer before he was engulfed in the onrush of the Reign of Terror; the chief figures of the Revolution

are shown as popular heroes. Side by side with these fans, that may have cooled the cheeks of some fury as she sat knitting in the crowded courts, are others that must have been used in secret. One of these has the Will of Louis XVI printed in its entirety; another has the portraits of the King and the Queen and the Dauphin, with the legend: "Lâche qui t'abandonne." "The Taking of the Bastille" (Fig. IX) has an etching, coloured by hand, representing this event, with many details setting forth the capture of M. de Launay, the governor, the flames bursting forth and a man being hurled from the battlements. After the Revolution we find many fans introducing Napoleon and the Napoleonic victories, and the pretty Empire fans, all gauze and spangles, were the rage in the days when Josephine queened in Malmaison.

Political and other events continued to be illustrated on fan leaves down to quite recent times, but the finest period closed before the Revolution had altered the whole fabric of social life in France.

NEVINSON

By KINETON PARKES

I HAVE known Nevinson for a dozen years or so, and have always found him the same determined, wilful, masterful, child of Nature. I have never failed in my astonishment at his large and fearless output: he is ever ready at the attack. He has no speed limit; he travels without a licence; he is the road-hog of art, the bull in the china-shop of the art exquisites. He has an unbridled æsthetic conscience and rides rough-shod over the self-consciousness of the coteries. His psychical constitution has been determined by heredity, for his father, Henry Woodd Nevinson, is one of the fine spirits of our time—a spirit in league with the supernal, as revealed in an enchanting book called "The Plea of Pan"; a wanderer in many lands; his mother a humanitarian—a practical one, yielding power as a magistrate and a guardian of the poor. To heredity must be added the war environment, for the great world disaster fell upon him

as an individual at his most impressionable age; and to heredity and environment has to be added a physiological condition of high blood-pressure productive of an incessant restlessness, difficult, but unnecessary to subdue.

Christopher Richard Wynne Nevinson was born in London on August 13, 1889. He grew up during the 'nineties, and I have no doubt reacted strongly to the *fin de siècle*. Like many boys of that period, he wanted to be an engineer, and at University College School and Uppingham the idea was kept in mind. But only a passion for drawing resulted. This grew apace, encouraged by John Fulleylove, and practised at the St. John's Wood School of Art. To this succeeded the Slade School with the nurture of the Ingres line administered by Henry Tonks and Frederick Brown, and the mutual admiration and detestation of a set which included Mark Gertler, John Currie, Stanley Spencer, John Nash, and Edward



Nevinson

Wadsworth, united only by the one bond of distinguished draughtsmanship. It was this terrific anxiety about the value of drawing that led Nevinson paradoxically into the labyrinth of light-study and the French Impressionists and their derivatives of the New English Art Club, and resulted in his first

Paris and in and out the museums, he showed at the New English Art Club the first of his portraits, a self-portrait with the lush flesh of youth admirably rendered in the manner of the Italian Primitives. To this manner he has remained more attached, so far as his portraits are concerned, than any others. His artistic



WIND IN THE TREE-TOPS

By C. R. W. Nevinson

picture with its affectionate relationship to Monet which was exhibited by the Friday Club.

The Post-Impressionist show at the Grafton Galleries shifted Nevinson's orientation, and Van Gogh stood at the principal pole, with a deflection occasioned by Cézanne. The present, however, was insufficient to surcharge the mind of so vivid an inquirer. He harked back to the past, and in 1911, having been in

curiosity is unbounded, and he is not unwilling to follow any trail, blazed or unblazed, that opens out to him. He aches to do, even if in the process he sometimes derives. It is not imitation that he seeks—that is his least fault—so much as a sifting of methods.

During 1913 he was working at Julien's and with the Cercle Russe; the influence of Cézanne extruding that of Impressionism; form and design taking the lead to the neglect

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of light. Nevinson's friends were Utrillo—that ill-balanced, utterly frank little master; Severin and Asselin; his fellow-travellers, Derain and Marchant. All this naturally led to investigation of the so-called abstractions of Pablo Picasso, and he returned to London in 1913 primed with the intrigues of Post-Impressionism and prepared for the spatial statics of Wyndham Lewis with colour; he became friendly in a fierce sort of fashion, and Vorticism was born. At the same time Marinetti journeyed from Milan and Futurism was born and violently flung at London, conveniently in the Café Royal—so far as Nevinson was concerned, at the Doré Gallery exhibition with his "Train de Luxe," and his presumed assumption of co-leadership with Marinetti in the manifesto against sentiment in aesthetics which startled, delighted, and disgusted London; disgusted especially Nevinson's old associates who were more or less afraid of his new ones.

Vorticism was born, extolled, and condemned. Its putative father was pointed at, but questions were asked about Nevinson! In view of later members of the family, his claims were discussed rather vehemently. The claim might not so readily have been recognized but for the war. By most of those in authority—military and artistic—Nevinson is



OLD ODELL

By C. R. W. Nevinson



SELF-PORTRAIT

By C. R. W. Nevinson

regarded as pre-eminently the artist of the war. The war was the opportunity of Vorticism, for Vorticism as a system is the reduction of the statics of violence to ineptitude by its own inherent and inevitable negativity.

Nevinson was prepared: his early engineering aspiration; his father's position as the most intellectual of all war correspondents; his active predilection for the violences of Futurism obsessed him. He did not hesitate in joining up at the earliest possible moment with the disruptive forces. The war was to be the strife of machines, and he went to it as a machine; as a mechanic he became part of one; as a motor-driver he became the soul of one; the humanitarianism of his parents forgotten for the moment, but only for the moment. As the essentially inhuman character of the war became more insistent, implacable and obvious, so the essentially humanitarian character of his upbringing surged and forced him to a decision. After soaking in the horrors of Ypres, in the strife of the Belgian, English, and French fighting line, he became absorbed wholly by France whom he loved—France his artistic parent. There his health failed; his strength only permitted of the

Nevinson



THE BRIDGES

By C. R. W. Nevinson

work of an orderly in the Dunkirk Hospital. But England called too, and so Nevinson was joined to the devoted band of artists who ministered to the wounded at the Third London Hospital, Wandsworth.

Nevinson never agreed with his fellow-artists, either in peace or in war. His life was not made more pleasing by his fellow-artists' attitude to him. A certain state of war existed at Wandsworth which was too trying for Nevinson's constitution, sapped by his experiences in the field. Rheumatic fever relieved the tensivity of the hospital situation if it added to the agonies which the victim suffered, and he was invalided out.

In 1916 a definite amount of artistic activity was resumed, based on his revolting war experiences, and an exhibition was held when such now well-known pictures as "La Mitrailleuse," "The Doctor," "La Patrie," and "Dawn: 1914" bit their way into the stubborn British negative intelligence and, at the realization of the pain, England knew something more of war than she had known before. The war was, at sight, in the verity and scope of these scenes. Nevinson's war pictures burnt the stolid Briton as well as bit him; they were not illustrations of war, they were its realities. The year 1917 saw Nevinson back at the front as official war artist. War artist he was, but hardly official, and his unofficial history is now in many a private collection, in the Imperial War Museum and

the Canadian collection. "The Great War, Fourth Year" was a collection exhibited in 1918, on the whole more pictorial than the preceding, but still very vivid in rendering, the outstanding pictures of which are "The Roads of France," "Nerves of an Army" (the telegraphic and telephonic staff), and "The Road from Arras to Bapaume."

It is ten years after the armistice, and Nevinson has had time to show the world what he is made of in ordinary artistic flesh and blood.

Perversity, thy name is Nevinson!

He prefers to show the world what art is made of. For Nevinson there is no armistice. He is always at war. He made war on the United States of America with a lighted torch in his hand. He is fighting still;



GULLS ON THE RIVER

By C. R. W. Nevinson

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fighting his own ego, in a world of uneasy peace. He revealed America to the American in a series of pictorial psychological analyses to which it had never before been subjected. Cubism and Vorticism again helped him, for in the United States he found architecture at war with Nature. He found explosive ideas aspiring to the heights, and he set to work to comment and connote; to deprecate and extol. In New York he realized his innate irony: "Broadway

Nevinson's English studies of "Limehouse" and "Office Window"; by the fine "Steel Construction." But there are other and older things in the world than skyscrapers and girders, and Nevinson knows it. It is easiest to join battle with Nature by means of a thunderstorm. Vorticism has its place in this violence, but not in the elaboration of the suave charm of an English meadow. To this and to the calm seas of the coasts of Wales and France Nevinson



AN ENGLISH LANDSCAPE

By C. R. W. Nevinson

Patriots" is a bitter comment; "Broadway Roof Garden," "The Temples of New York," and "Americanism" contain more than a suspicion of scorn. On the other hand, "Third Avenue—Impression," "Looking Down Down Town," "Looking Through Brooklyn Bridge," "Night in New York—an Abstraction," "Lower Broadway," and "Madison Square" are full of appreciation of the beauty achieved by American architecture. Americanism reveals the soul of a soulless city, but a soul with outer trappings of great beauty. It is Cubist; it is Vorticist; it is matched by

has turned his attention, and by their study has cooled his ardours. But he never forgets he is a fighting man; he never discards his accoutrements. When he chances on a subject which compels him, he is ready with the appropriate treatment whether impressionistic, cubistic, or naturalistic. He still paints portraits in his delightful and powerful Italian Primitive manner. He is completely consistent in his inconsistencies, and so achieves a various individuality. Most artists attain dully to an individuality which is unmistakable, but unmistakably tiresome, laboured, spiritless,

Nevinson

consistent. Nevinson springs to attention at his subject's call and damns the consequences. As a result, his work has a lushness of style from which a latent faculty for fresh creative effort is seldom absent.

The individuality of Nevinson's work is not due to iteration, but to personality. It is not every painter who is capable of explaining in a preface to every catalogue he issues what his pictures mean and why they differ from those

by such that the art of a period is kept in a state of flux, as much by their personalities at war with current and amenable opinion as by the excellence of their pictures or sculpture, which are not necessarily corollaries—nor have they need to be consistencies. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and art and the artist are free.

Nevinson is an old campaigner in the land of experiment, but his mind is too sudden and



THE RIVER

By C. R. W. Nevinson

of other artists. Nevinson projects his figure into his work as he does into the environment in which he has moved for all these years. It is an insistent and enlivening figure in modern art, as well known at the Dome and Rotonde in Montparnasse as at the Café Royal. No scrap for years has been complete without it. Alas! that the glory of these places has passed. But the glory of the old figures remains and, under forty still, Nevinson remains, reminder of the thrills of past days; known to the many as well as any other; known to the few more intensively than most. It is

direct to be delayed by laborious research. Impressionism and Post-Impressionism were less than problems to him; they were mere experiences. What is permanent in him is the desire for the expression of visual beauty and psychological exactitude in the quickest possible terms.

His cubistic formula he allows only in certain emergencies: a scene such as "Sinister Street," where light falls from a lamp on angular or circular forms, generally architectural, and defines shapes in terms of the cube and circle. Cubism is the definition of shape,

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as Impressionism is the definition of light. In the picture "Gulls on the River" the two forces are combined for the purpose of exploiting motion. The scene is the busiest: the cranes work, the chimneys smoke, the small boats slide on the water, the small men strive muscularly in the boats; but the flying, darting, gliding, and ricocheting gulls dominate and fill the canvas with activity. In "Sinister Street," contrarily, the movement is slow and cautious; the two stealthy figures pass from sharp planes of light into outer darkness; emotional darkness broods over the shuttered house; strange patterns form on the pavement and the paving blocks. The lamp is the only live thing; the rest is a shudder.

The Nevinson chronology is not difficult; it is a passing from one good thing to another, with notes by the way; a progressive addition of interest due to ever-accumulating knowledge, experience, thought, and emotion. Man, woman, architecture, inanimate Nature, as active forces are Nevinson's materials; landscape and seascape, houses, bridges, quays, portraits, the figure, in oil-painting and pastel and in watercolour drawing, many a one being commandeered for the purpose of making an etching at a later stage. And in all phases, continually experimenting, the artist, caring nothing for tradition, mixes his methods in his etching, using the needle with acid; the needle dry, the engraving tool, and for grounds the smooth copper or aquatint or mezzotint; or for quickness an acid ground or a sandpaper ground, resulting in a great variety of results proper for collectors to pore over at their leisure, glass in hand—a fascinating occupation. In oil-painting his canvases include the usual shiny results, but at the present he works largely for the realization of matt surfaces that will not shine and refuse to reflect. Glazing, either of varnishes or of glass, is largely absent from the latest exhibition, and to the matt-oil-surface works is added a number done in tempera—"New York Harbour" and the "London River Scene" are examples. There are many difficulties to be overcome, but for the small rooms of the ordinary house it is a great advantage to have pictures which do not reflect. To the artist the difficulty of getting as rich a quality into his paint without the surface glaze is a real one. Nevinson is never stopped by difficulties, and I think it will be seen he has successfully met them in this case.

The beautiful still river scene at Dinan—the trees overhanging the water, and the two figures—has a luminous quality which is rarely attained by Nevinson or any other painter without the aid of some illuminating medium. It is pure matt pigment, productive of a rich tapestry-like effect in which the quality is as fine as (in some ways finer than) the usual surface rendering, and matches that of some of Nevinson's etchings in which the compulsion towards this sombre but satisfying expression has been absolute.

There is a subdued mastery in the "Landscape from the New Forest," reproduced here in colour. It derives from the very spirit of the woodlands, part wild, part cultivated; great lovely trees of contrasting tones; a road, some fields, a gate: a typical and finely subdued piece of painting of normal character, in flat pigments, sound in colour and tone, a characteristic English work touched into new interest by a subtle suggestion of the better French landscape art of the moment. In another, "Landscape in France," the suggestion of a series of planes manifests itself; instantly the challenge is taken up, and a fine scheme of colour seen in segments results. Or colour and form are sufficiently demonstrated by a scene in itself geometrical; and the rectangular weir at Charenton with its deep, essential foliage greens emerges, as natural as it exists in Nature. On the other hand, there are landscapes, such as those in Wales, which, while offering every inducement for the treatment of local interest, are gaily stylized out of their natural resemblances to form a painter's holiday. This is not mere contrariety, but a tricky seizure of suggestion appealing to the half-humorous sense of fun of the artist.

Nevinson's mastery of normal landscape began to exhibit itself in 1919 with "The Sandy Path," and steadily developed through "Wind, Rain, and the Sea," "An English Landscape," "The Mill Pond" of 1923 and others, some of which are in the possession of Lady Hamilton, Lord Justice Younger, and Mr. Osbert Sitwell; and "Stream and Willows" in the Leicester Museum. Just as there is combined with the artist's exuberant personal geniality a note of austerity, a momentary withdrawal of human sympathy, according the dominance of the moment to the pure intellect, so there is an austere phase in some of the

Nevinson

paintings, among them the best. This withdrawal of the heart occurs in the Paris scene "From the Pont d'Austerlitz," the latest of his canvases, dating back only to June 1928. The grey-white cold water is sluggish and ungenerous, echoing the rayed effects of the sky. The scene and its treatment are matched elsewhere among Nevinson's works. He must have discovered that coldness of Paris which,

violent manner, such as the wholly admirable atmospheric "Wind in the Tree-Tops." Water obviously he loves; cataracts and huge waves fascinate him. The "Torrent" of 1924 is good; "White Horses" is better; the portrait of a great "Atlantic Swell" is a startling canvas at the Leicester Gallery: its colour is very fine.

Compared with the artists with whom



THE ESTUARY, ST. MALO

By C. R. W. Nevinson

despite all its glitter, is one of the bitterest things in the world.

Less stern, but still severe, is the "St. Malo" picture—a wide waste of sand and shallow waters, sparsely punctuated by rocks and islets, forming a passage of austere beauty, all its phases interesting, as the phrases of a fine sentence must be in order to make a fine entity. The "Welsh Estuary" scene is an even more sombre affair, with a dark, mountainous environment and heavy skies, the due effects of which on the sluggish waters are well noted and exploited. Occasionally the calm of such natural scenes is broken by an essay in more

Nevinson was formerly associated his output of still-life pieces has not been large. Much of his work has fine decorative quality, yet none of it is mere decoration. The most decorative of all Nevinson's paintings is the brilliant oil "Still-life" at the Leicester Galleries, a masterpiece of rococo, rich and satisfying in its colour; a feast, in fact, of fruit and flowers; a riot of objects rich in colour; of burning candles; a combat of light; the most joyous thing ever made by the artist.

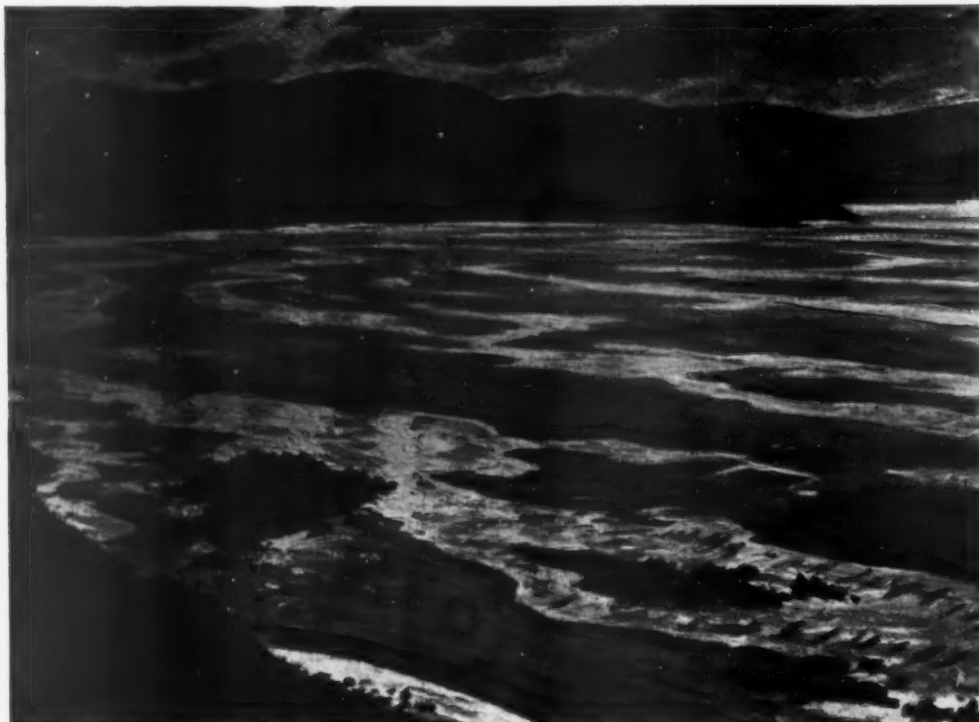
Another flower-piece is a "Jar of Sweet Williams," in which the sheen of the surface, acquired by the use of the palette knife, belies

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the artist's general practice of late, but shows how he employs the more ordinary method of surface finish. There are some twenty watercolour drawings of considerable accomplishment, and in them Nevinson's love of Nature is amply demonstrated.

As a portrait-painter Nevinson occupies a place. In the whole series he is consistent: Nevinson—whether painting himself or his

already referred to, the most important are "The Gun in Elevation," "Over the Lines," the extremely poignant "Harvest of Battle," "Shell Holes," and others in the Imperial War Museum; and war pictures are also in the possession of Lady Cunard, Madame de Speyer of Paris, Lord Melchett, and Colonel Chandos Pole. The Luxembourg has a series of "Flying" pictures; Leeds has "Searchlights," the



A WELSH ESTUARY

By C. R. W. Nevinson

wife or his father, or such spectacular subjects as Old Odell, or such well-known ones as Josef Holbrooke, Mark Hambourg, Elizabeth Sitwell, or Sinclair Lewis. There is the haunting feeling of an Old Master about all Nevinson's portraits, even those of princesses, countesses, gipsies, or mere pretty girls.

For an artist so young Nevinson has a wide distribution of his works. Besides those

Fitzwilliam at Cambridge "Troops Resting," Montreal "War in the Air," Ottawa "Ebb Tide." But the distribution of Nevinson's pictures is far less wide than the distribution of his influence: that is pronounced. It is an influence that is felt not only by contemporary artists, but by all who are concerned with the development of painting and drawing of today.

[The following purchases from the Nevinson Exhibition at the Leicester Galleries have been made for public collections: "London: Winter, with St. Paul's and Seagulls," for the London Museum, a most appropriate selection; "Steam and Steel: An Impression of Down Town" (New York), for the Birmingham Art Gallery; and "The King is Dead," the pastel portrait of the late E. J. Odell, for the Aberdeen Art Gallery.]

A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY IVORY VIRGIN AND CHILD

By E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR, F.S.A.

AVIGNON is a place so full of interest and historic associations that many visitors to it, especially in these hurried days, are liable to overlook the claims of the little town which faces it on the other side of the Rhône and which is known as Villeneuve-lez-Avignon. There, however, are some remarkable medieval

remains, notably the great tower which Philippe le Bel caused to be erected between the years 1292 and 1302; the Chartreuse founded by Pope Innocent VI in 1356; and the commanding Fort St. André, the walls of which were constructed by Philippe le Bel in 1292, with their magnificent entrance formed by two semi-circular turrets of vast size and



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impressiveness. There is, too, the Parish Church founded by Cardinal Arnaud de Via, a nephew of Pope John XXII, in 1333. As in nearly every old church in France, there is much, architectural and otherwise, to attract in the building, but the *clou* of the treasures is the exquisite carved figure of which three illustrations, taken from different points of view, are here given.

This relic is of ivory, partly coloured, and bears the arms of Bishop Arnaud de Via. It dates from the earlier half of the fourteenth century, and is an exquisite example of the beautiful and delicate workmanship of its unknown contriver. It represents, as will be seen, the Virgin and Child, and is in a most complete state of preservation, the right forearm of the Virgin, which is shown detached in the photograph, having been since fixed to the body. It will be observed that the figure inclines to one side. This is due to the fact that it was carved from a single tusk, and the position follows its curved line. The photograph indicates something of the exquisite artistry exhibited in the figure, as well as the lovely expression on the Virgin's face and on that of the Child; but nothing can quite do justice to the fine craftsmanship

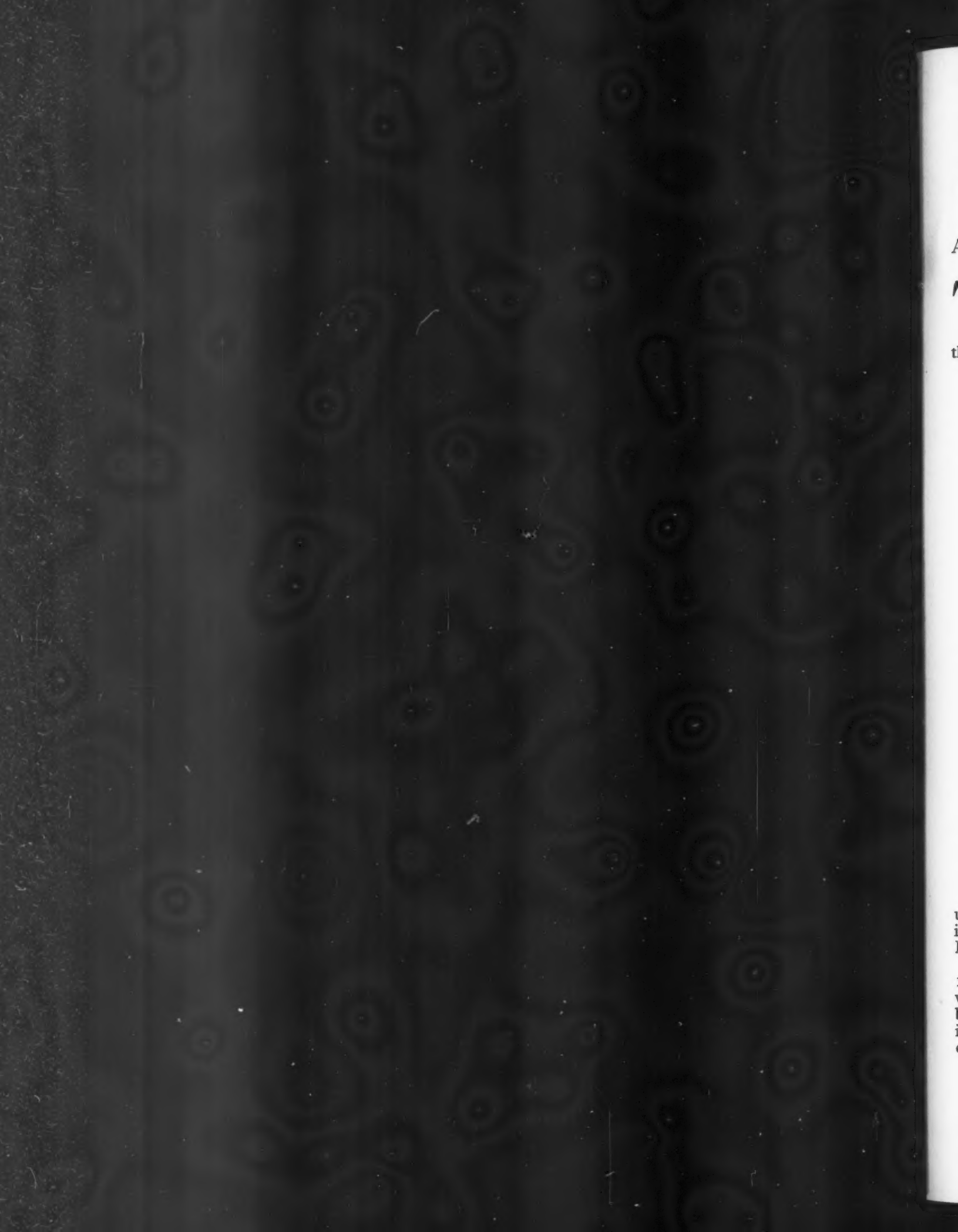
shown in every detail of the figures, in the natural treatment of the drapery with its delicately embroidered edging, as well as in the architectural decoration of the seat on which the Virgin rests so easily. That seat is fixed to a lower stand, of the same date as the figure apparently, by a screw of which the handle can be seen projecting from the back.

The superb workmanship of these medieval craftsmen is exhibited in many ivory carvings, but I never remember to have encountered so attractive and perfect an example as this graceful and touching figure which rests in its iron-bound glass case in the sacristy of the little church of Villeneuve-lez-Avignon. It is a figure which would make the reputation of any museum, and one after which the spirit of the late Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, that lover of all things medieval, would have yearned. There is something sad in the fact that the name of the contriver of this work of art and piety should

be unknown, but as long as the Virgin Mother gazes tenderly into the eyes of her Son (how charmingly His right hand is laid on her breast!) that unknown workman is at least sure of an anonymous immortality.







ANTOINE BOURDELLE

A COMPLETE EXHIBITION OF HIS WORKS AT BRUSSELS

THE administration of the Palais des Beaux-Arts at Brussels has made the enormous effort of bringing together all the works of Antoine Bourdelle, the first sculptor of our era.

A veritable museum has thus been formed,

This southern city was also the birthplace of the great Dominique Ingres. The son of a skilful cabinet-maker and wood-carver, Bourdelle passed through the academy at Toulouse and then the École des Beaux-Arts in Paris. It was there that Rodin noticed



THE HERAKLES ARCHER

By Bourdelle

unfortunately only for a time, but equalling in importance the Rodin Museum in the Hôtel Biron at Paris.

This exhibition (November–December 1928) will not fail to attract all who realize what Bourdelle represents in modern art, his brilliant contribution of new forms, and his influence on the sculpture of the present day.

Antoine Bourdelle was born in Montauban.

his capabilities and became aware of his importance.

But if Bourdelle worked for several years in Rodin's studio his personality, from the æsthetic point of view, was in no way influenced by that master. While working with Rodin, Bourdelle developed the technical side of the craft of sculpture, the elements of which he had already obtained from his father, but he has always succeeded in preserving his own

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LA VIERGE D'ALSACE

By Bourdelle

original vision, and resembles no one in his work.

Already in 1900, when his "Head of Apollo" appeared, his deviation from the art and manner of Rodin was evident, and was unanimously admitted.

At the Palais des Beaux-Arts, Brussels, there is shown a full-size model of the monument to General Alvear, erected in Buenos Aires. The equestrian statue of the general, and the four large figures symbolizing Liberty, Victory, Fortitude, and Eloquence, which accompany it in a very impressive architectural setting, have been brought from the artist's studio at Boulogne in thirty large packing cases. This little detail of a practical nature gives some idea of the general scope of this exhibition, the catalogue of which enumerates hundreds of sculptures, cartoons, drawings, pastels, paintings, and book illustrations.

Models of other monuments of large dimensions erected in France, Poland, and as far away as Uruguay, have been similarly reconstructed in the sculpture hall at Brussels.

The architectural and constructive nature of his conceptions, and their grandiose style, seem to design Bourdelle as a fitting collaborator of the great modern architects. His bas-reliefs for the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées at Paris—a work of the brothers Perret—show such equilibrium in their rhythm; the balance of the masses in their projection from the background, the play of light and shade, arranged in great decorative planes, shows such certainty and science in their effects that they seem to have arisen out of the same mind as the grand lines of the building itself and the distribution of the surfaces of its walls.

Bourdelle has treated classical themes in a new manner in a whole series of his works: his "The Herakles Archer" (at the Luxembourg and at Brussels), his "Centaur," his "Daphne," his "Apollo," his "Sappho," his "Bacchante," his "Penelope," and many others, owe nothing to Greco-Roman sculpture. Yet in their modernity, which concentrates expression and consists exclusively in the dynamics of form in transitory movement, they go back to the archaism of the sculptures of Ægina or farther still to that of the Egyptian artisans of the first dynasties.

The Brussels Museum has lent to the exhibition its magnificent subject, "The

Antoine Bourdelle



MASQUE JEUNE FILLE

By Bourdelle

Herakles Archer" (illustrated on p. 267); also a mask of a young girl (above).

These two works, acquired many years ago by the State, fittingly represent the great sculptor in the national collections of Belgium. The mask of a young girl is a work of charm and intimate knowledge of a model followed with consummate feeling. As a contrast, the "Herakles" is full of movement and even violence. With bow resting on rock the hero bends it to shoot the birds on the Stympalian lake.

The athletic lines of the body are of a surprising nervous vigour; the head recalls strangely the theme of the mythologic deities. The sloping forehead, the half-closed eyes under oblique eyelids, the nose prominent in a profile which has nothing of the Greek, the developed jaw, the ear even so clearly accentuating the line of the mask, the curly hair—all contribute to give the impression of an animal of small intelligence joyfully revelling in the destruction and carnage of a fantastic hunt.

The exaggerated proportions of the hands and feet are inspired by the same conception of a primitive creature of barbarous instincts.

The bronze is endowed with a most rare patine—plum colour veined with old gold—which makes it a work of art of great beauty.

"The Wounded Centaur" (also illustrated) approaches the "Herakles" in the force of its execution, the rendering of its animated surfaces, and by the gentle play of muscles beneath the skin. In this figure also the canons of antiquity are disregarded. The proportions between the human part and that of the horse in this hybrid creature are established so as to emphasize a feeling of pathetic sorrow, the face and body being dwelt upon rather more than the animal portions.



INGRES

By Bourdelle

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THE WOUNDED CENTAUR

By Bourdelle

Bourdelle's inspiration is as varied and complex as his subjects. When he realized in a figure six metres high that "Virgin of Alsace," the appearance of which was an event, he had nothing in common with the traditional forms that have been employed for the decoration of Catholic sanctuaries since the Renaissance. This figure belonged rather to the tradition of the images carved by the most primitive stone masons in the porches of our cathedrals. This Virgin approaches their art in the pathos of her broad lines, in her powerful movement, and in the simple fullness of expression.

The gesture of the Infant Jesus, raised

above the group, which he terminates in the shape of a cross, is a work of genius.

Amidst so many and such divers works it is impossible to select, and comment on, even the principal ones. A large volume would not suffice to do them justice.

However, the portraits and busts must be mentioned, all so full of intense expression of the character and inner life of the models.

Bourdelle does not fear occasionally to accentuate the relief of a form, to exaggerate deliberately a significant detail, to underline, by means of a shadow, a feature that is to produce the desired effect. He does not copy the model he has before him in a servile manner. He is a clear-sighted interpreter, knowing how to reveal the essentials and to sacrifice other facts. His two Rembrandts, young and old, his extraordinary Beethoven, his Ingres, his Daumier, his Rodin, his Anatole France, his Doctor Koeberlé, as well as some female figures, may be ranked among the most captivating masterpieces of modern sculpture.

As a painter, as a decorator, as an architect, Bourdelle also asserts his gifts and his mastery. Such a personality is equal to the greatest of all schools and of all times.



K.B.E. PENELOPE

By Bourdelle

THE WORK OF PAUL NASH

By T. W. EARP



RIVIERA LANDSCAPE

By Paul Nash

THE exhibition of the work of Paul Nash, which is now being held at the Leicester Galleries, confirms his reputation as one of the foremost contemporary painters of English landscape. At a time when too many painters in this country seek a short cut to fame by an ill-considered reproduction of the latest Continental fashion, or are content to repeat a particular manner, year in, year out, until they reach the ultimate monotony, Mr. Nash has devoted his career to the natural, unsensational development of his art. He has gone from discovery to discovery, but he has made them for himself. And along with increasing technical ability has gone an increasing receptiveness to his subject; he presents not only a well-painted picture, but also convinces us that he is in intimate sympathy with whatever may be its theme.

This "humility," which is so characteristic of the Old Masters, and is a delightful element in the work of Mr. Nash, is lacking in most modern painting. At present it seems rather

the artist's aim to achieve a pictorial knockout of his subject, to make his picture a proclamation of his skill in overcoming it, sooner than a record of his understanding of it. The psychology is all on the painter's side; the thing painted is not allowed to get a word in. Mr. Nash adopts the finer, and more difficult, method of allowing his scene its own share of expression in the canvas, of identifying himself with it, instead of shouting it down. It is essentially interpretative painting, which offers the advantages of continual variety and is always capable of deeper subtleties, as opposed to monotony and a *cul-de-sac* of accomplishment. And so, added to the satisfaction which the present exhibition affords us with its great achievement, there is the satisfaction of knowing that it announces no finality. Mr. Nash still remains an indefatigable explorer of his art.

Born in London, in May 1889, he studied at the London County Council School of Art in Bolt Court, Fleet Street, and then at the Slade School, London University. His work

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INTERIOR

By Paul Nash

has been acquired by the Tate Gallery, the Contemporary Arts Society, the Imperial War Museum, and the British and Victoria and Albert Museums in London; the Rutherford and Whitworth Collections of the Manchester Art Gallery, and other provincial galleries; the Musée de la Guerre in Paris, and the Canadian War Records Collection; many other paintings are in private collections.

The exhibition at the Leicester Galleries is the result of Mr. Nash's latest work. They are for the most part paintings of the English country scene, exquisitely sensitive renderings of the native landscape without any strained research after the picturesque. They are as true to the place-character of this country as the oak which so majestically dominates the "Sussex Landscape." This picture, one of the most important in the exhibition, admirably demonstrates both Mr. Nash's quality as a painter and the intensity of the feeling for Nature which underlies his work. It is difficult, however, to consider these characteristics in dissociation, so closely are content and treatment woven in unity. The background, with its calm balance of design, is a synthesis of those features which we associate with the landscape of East Sussex.

The thickly-wooded barrier-cliff, the long avenue, and the fields with their gentle rise dotted with the wigwams of the hop-poles—all these are moulded into a rhythmic composition, or rather—and this is particularly characteristic—*perceived* in rhythmic composition. For the fidelity of the painting to the scene is unquestionable; there is no formal unreality for the sake of decorative effect, no distortion of natural truth in order to point an emphasis. The scene creates its own poise and vitality. But it is the painter's art which has revealed this life in the subject itself, and persuaded the underlying rhythm to the surface. And over all, the large central oak rules the composition with its spreading branches and possesses the foreground.

No estimate of Mr. Nash's work would be complete unless it accentuated his painting of trees and his knowledge of them. "Oh, painter, spare that tree!" would be only too appropriate a variation of the old song; for English trees have been as ruthlessly attacked by artists as by woodmen. When the art-class at any school is released into the open air to do execution with the sepia-brush, it falls upon the nearest tree. And how many Academicians have entered into partnership with the oak or



STUDY OF NUDE

By Paul Nash

The Work of Paul Nash



OXENBRIDGE POND

By Paul Nash



A SUSSEX LANDSCAPE

By Paul Nash

the elm! Wall after wall has burgeoned into a forest beneath their brush; but the tree is always the same, always painted in the same way, and reappears year after year, regardless of season, unchanged since the artist first confronted it. But to Mr. Nash trees are things that grow and change and possess a variety as infinite as human life. He knows the individual sweep of their branches, the texture of their bark, and every distinction in their seasonal change of colour; and, without a deviation from this loving verisimilitude, he weaves them into arabesques of pattern instinct with their own fortuitous inevitability.

To realize the range both of his tree-lore and the pictorial uses to which he puts it, it is only necessary to turn from the oak of the "Sussex Landscape" to "Iver Heath: Snow." There the leafless boughs and the trunks in a coat of clinging ivy form a composition of admirable directness in their upward slant

and at the same time convey all the desolation of winter. The picture is simplicity itself, yet its implications of time and tide and Nature are innumerable.

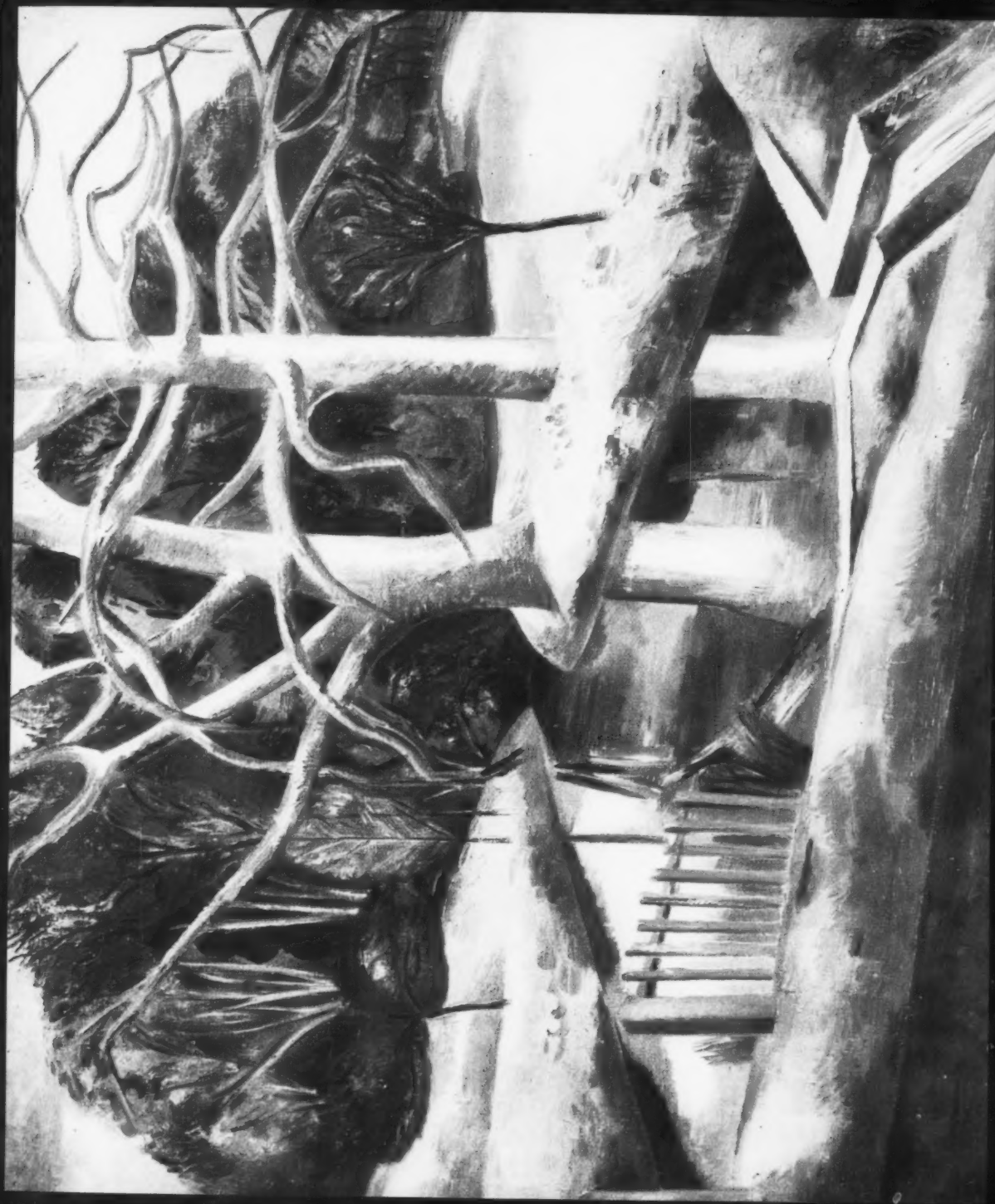
The landscape of winter is, indeed, another recurrent *motif* in Mr. Nash's painting. With what would be sheer virtuosity if it were not for the feeling in it, he gives the very *frisson* of the season with the greatest economy of means. With refinements on the most limited scale of colour, he expresses not only the gradations in tone between the carpet of pure white and the threatening darkness of the clouds, but also the actual coldness in the air. And the sense of a flow of life and a palpitation in the soil, as in obedience to some inner elemental rhythm, is seen not only in "Iver Heath" with its stark trees, or the bare crest of the Chilterns in the "Winter Landscape," but perhaps best in the watercolour painting, "Whiteleaf: Snow."



Nash

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The Work of Paul Nash

Besides the criss-cross of the denuded trees on the empty, white hillside, there is no superficial excitement in the picture. Yet, as the presentation of a mood of Nature, it is filled with an intense emotion and could hold its place even by the side of the great winter-piece of Breughel. The manner of the painting itself, however, is much more closely in affinity with the Chinese—who also delighted in snow pictures—than with the Dutch masters. With the latter, the winter-piece was a favoured kind of painting, because the clear white background showed up in heightened contrast and detail the brightness and minutiae of the genre scene they placed against it. To them as painters, as also in the life of Holland generally, the snow was the symbol of a certain sort of human incident. With the Chinese its purely æsthetic qualities were in themselves sufficient, especially since, where there was so little visible movement, it implied still greater mastery to satisfy the sense of rhythm—the chief artistic canon of all Chinese painters. Mr. Nash aims at the same object as they, and triumphantly attains it, and it is in his winter-pieces that his kinship with them is most in evidence.

It has seemed worth while to dwell at some length on his trees and snow scenes, because they are both subjects on which very many painters have exercised their skill, but in which few have achieved anything like his mastery. To paint "something fresh" is not so very difficult, but to draw hitherto undiscovered beauty from known themes is a rare gift, and he has succeeded in investing what might be termed the generalities of painting with an individual stamp.

This distinguishing mark of personality, which at its best consists not in imposing one's self but in obtaining exactly the just poise

between one's self and the subject, is the mark of all the other landscapes. They range from tree-crowded English pools and English forest-ways to the clear, silvery hills of the South of France. The latter, it need hardly be said, are a landscape-subject over which many Northern painters are apt to lose their heads. An all-too-rare contact with intense light and brilliant colour frequently leads to the exaggeration of qualities already by their own nature sufficiently emphatic. But as Mr. Nash avoids imposing himself out of proportion upon his English scenes, so he refuses to let himself be dominated by the violence of the South. An excellent lucidity, of the intellect as well as of the paint, controls such pictures as the "Riviera Landscape."

Although it is the only painting of its kind in the exhibition, the study in the nude is worthy of special attention. The nude has now become something like a mathematical problem to which there are any number of solutions, and Mr. Nash offers a particularly attractive one. Here again the model is treated in an entirely natural manner. There is neither distortion of pose nor refusal of human relevance. Yet, merely as an abstract composition, the result is pure æsthetic satisfaction.

Still-lives are another form of painting in which individual idiosyncrasies may legitimately be given scope. The diverse and lively patterns into which Mr. Nash combines his still-life "properties" and his flowers are filled with the same throbbing, self-contained vitality as the landscapes. It is this quality of producing to its fullest expression the life and rhythm of his subjects, whether a stretch of country or a flower, and of tracing the unity within them, which makes his work important as well as deeply interesting.

A CENTURY OF FRENCH PAINTING

By J. B. MANSON

IT is no small achievement to organize at the present day an exhibition of such fine examples of the work of the recognized modern French masters such as Messrs. Knoedler have arranged, in New York, under the title of "A Century of French Painting."

The representation is, of course, not complete; but the absence of any work by Camille Pissarro is singularly unfortunate, as Pissarro, whose importance is not yet fully recognized, was a definite link with Corot and Courbet, and he exercised an extraordinary influence on such different and such remarkable painters as Cézanne, Gauguin, and Van Gogh.

Although it is almost impossible to represent these modern masters by the finest examples of their work—that would necessitate drawing on private collections throughout the world—a remarkable number of first-rate works has been got together, and the exhibition presents a rare opportunity of studying the development of modern French art and serves as a sort of summary of French art from Corot to the present day.

The division into historical periods is a somewhat arbitrary one, but has its uses.

The numbering of Boudin, Courbet, Daumier, and Fantin-Latour among the painters of the Barbizon school is more convenient than correct. And the inclusion of Degas in the Impressionist school, although true in a general sense, is not true in the special sense. At no time in his career was Degas a definite devotee of the practice of divided tones or the use of prismatic colours. However, it is an

arrangement of convenience and serves a general purpose well enough.

The Post-Impressionist school covers a multitude of styles, and if Toulouse-Lautrec, that eccentric genius, belongs to it, it is only on chronological, not on stylistic, grounds.

It is really only in a few special cases that the use of the word "school" can be justified.

The section called "Contemporary School" contains such fundamentally different painters as Braque and Bonnard, Matisse and Modigliani, Picasso and Rousseau—really at least half a dozen schools. There is a contemporary section (which is admirably illustrated in this exhibition), but not a contemporary school.

It all started with Corot. He led the reaction from the artificiality of the eighteenth century, and initiated the desire for truth and the return to Nature which is the fundamental basis of all modern art worthy the name.

"Père Corot" is represented, in his delightful variety, by three well-chosen pictures which show him at three periods of his career. The earliest, painted in 1834, is one of those clear and rather cold paintings of Venice in

which something of the classical spirit seems still to linger.

There is a similar painting of this subject in the Melbourne Art Gallery.

Then there is a specially beautiful example of his lucid, limpid lake scenes which were inspired by the same spirit which animated the poetry of his contemporary, Lamartine. In this picture, "Le Lac de Garde," the lyrical feeling



ARLES: LE PONT DE TRINQUETAILE

By Vincent Van Gogh

By permission of Messrs. Reid and Lefèvre, Ltd.

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A Century of French Painting

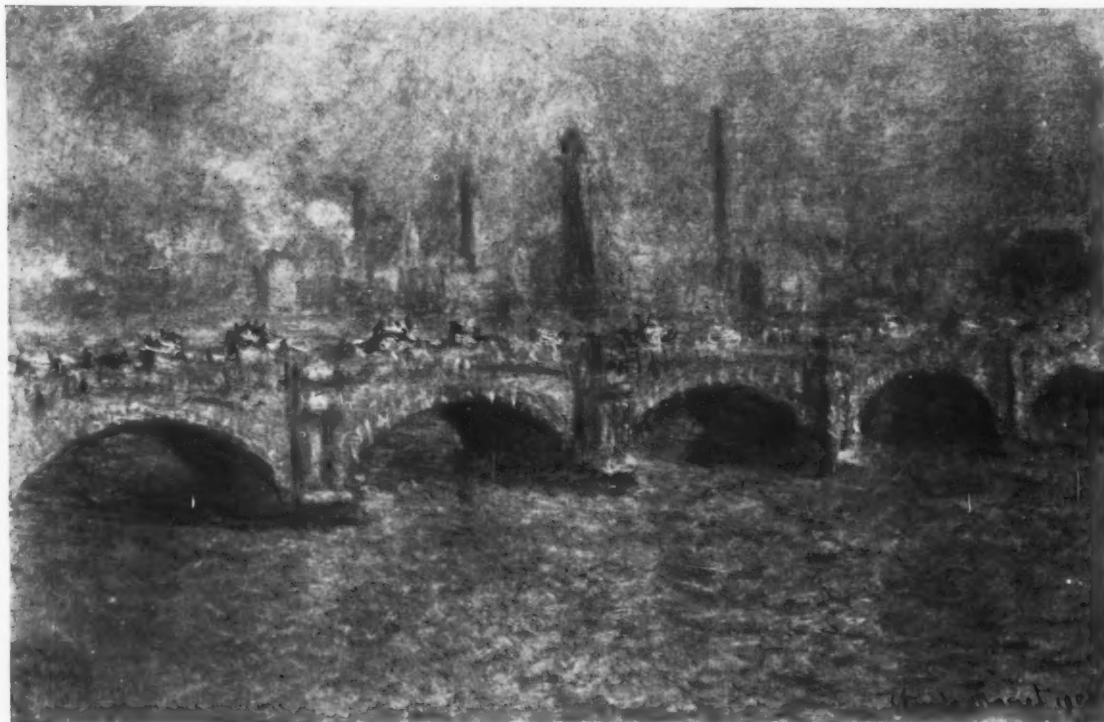
which was one of the most charming qualities of Corot's maturity is seen at its freshest and simplest. There is no hint in it of the somewhat conventional manner which was so prized in Bond Street.

There is a late figure-subject called "Judith" which is interesting as showing the influence of Delacroix.

A striking contrast is presented by Boudin's "Plage de Trouville," of 1869, and Courbet's "Villa du Duc de Morny, Deauville," painted

"La Ronde" was in the Burrell collection; "Saltimbanques" is one of the greatest and most famous of his "strong men" series, while "Les Amateurs d'Estampes," which shows him in a very different vein, figured at one time in Corot's collection.

The Fantin, "Fleurs sur une Table," is well chosen; it is much better in design than his more usual flower paintings, which through familiarity have become somewhat tedious. "Le Mendiant Aveugle" reveals J. F. Millet



WATERLOO BRIDGE

By Claude Monet

By permission of Messrs. Knoedler

in the same year. Boudin, who had some influence on the young Monet, was one of the most charming of painters, with an elegant and sensitive touch, while Courbet was, at times, one of the most stodgy. But his Deauville picture here has wonderful depth of aerial perspective and is an astonishing piece of realism.

The uncompromising Daumier, who saw into the heart of things, is well represented by three pictures which show his solid style and dramatic expression, his sense of character and his feeling for rhythmical design.

in an unusual light and shows him under the influence of certain Flemish Old Masters. There is a curious resemblance in this picture to much of Legros' work.

With the Impressionist school we come to the beginning of the definitely Modern movement. By the revolution in colour vision which it introduced, artists developed powers of deeper expression of truth in Nature as regards colour, light, and atmosphere; and as the movement established the supreme importance, in art, of the artists' reaction to Nature,

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LES COQUELICOTS

By Pierre Bonnard

By permission of Messrs. Knoedler and Co.

it prepared the way to a great variety of personal expression in painting.

Degas has influenced the modern outlook perhaps more than any other painter, though less directly than Cézanne. By the originality of his vision and his attitude towards contem-

porary life he won the reluctant acceptance of the right of artists to use scenes of ordinary life as subjects of fine art. His art cannot be rivalled. But he changed the attitude of the artist towards life and cleared the way for further development.

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A Century of French Painting

The fairly early oil-painting "Au Champs de Courses" or "Faux Départ," painted in 1872, was seen recently in London. It is a delightful painting full of curiously observed and charmingly painted incident. Even today it appears original in composition; in the seventies it was daringly and outrageously original.

As a draughtsman Degas has never been excelled, even by Mr. Augustus John. His exquisite drawing in this picture is seen in a broader way, but equally finely, in the pastel-like painting of "Le Foyer de la Danse à l'Opéra," a later picture. Here the composition is beautifully balanced and rhythmical, and the form is felt both in line and in mass.

The brilliant Manet, who with all his modernity has some relation to certain Spanish Old Masters, is shown as less solid and less sound, though more brilliant, than Cézanne, in the two little pictures of fruit; but there is a personal brilliance in the pastel of "Madame Michel-Levy"—a late work of 1882, the year before his death—and in "Pivoines" of seven years earlier. The charm of handling and easy composition, with the sense of freshness that



LE FACTEUR ROULIN

By Vincent Van Gogh

By permission of Messrs. Reid and Lefèvre, Ltd.



LA FEMME AU COLLIER

By Modigliani

By permission of Messrs. Reid and Lefèvre, Ltd.

distinguished all Manet's flowers, is delightfully revealed in this picture. "Waterloo Bridge," of 1903, a fine example of Claude Monet's rare London pictures, has those fine qualities of light and atmosphere seen as colour which Monet could express peculiarly well; it also has those interesting surface qualities of paint which the Impressionists invented and of which he was so fine an exponent.

The variety of Renoir, one of the most delightful of painters in his earlier periods, is effectively revealed in the "Square de la Trinité" (1880), painted in a lyrical mood which suggests Watteau raised to a high degree of luminosity; in the charming pastel of "Mademoiselle Jeanne Samary" (1879); and in the strange and stunning masterpiece, "Nature Morte," in which the whole range of the master's virtuosity is expressed in remarkable fashion.

The gentle Sisley, with his intimate sense

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of natural beauty, is seen in a subtle riverside landscape, "L'Inondation à Port Marly," of a fine period, dated 1876.

The section called the "Post-Impressionist School" includes the works of certain vital painters who have considerably agitated and influenced the world's art.

Cézanne, Gauguin, Van Gogh are now recognized as great masters throughout the world. Seurat and Toulouse-Lautrec are less universally known.

An exhibition is already remarkable which includes such examples of Cézanne's varied genius as the "Route à Auvers," two fine still-life paintings, the well-known "Jeune Homme au Petit Chapeau," which is in Mrs. Chester Dale's fine collection, and the strange but haunting study of "Madame Cézanne en Rouge."

Cézanne, who laboured so long and with such difficulty to realize the truth of his uncompromising vision of life, has influenced the artists of many countries.

Two sides of Gauguin's remarkable personality are seen in the lovely "Paysage Exotique," painted in Martinique in 1887 (which was recently in Mrs. Workman's splendid collection), and "Ia Orana Maria," of 1891, a fine example of his Tahiti period, with its wonderful rhythm and richly varied arabesque.

Van Gogh has had less direct influence than Cézanne. He is a unique example of the purely personal artist seeking to find relief in passionate expression from the torment of his almost too vivid impression of life. His "Bridge at Arles" is a great picture, but no artist has excelled his painting of "Les Lauriers Roses" (of the Arles period, 1888-89), which is the greatest of all flower paintings, and his portrait of "Le Facteur Roulin" lives with a sort of supernatural vitality.

The subtleties of the Impressionists' ex-

pression of light and atmosphere were realized in a very high degree and with a certain added solidity by Georges Seurat, who is represented here by "L'Ile de la Grande Jatte," a vivid study for the famous picture which Mr. Clay Bartlett gave to Chicago. The picture "Au Moulin Rouge" seems to epitomize in a brilliant manner the whole of the personality of Toulouse-Lautrec who, during his brief life (1864-1901), flashed like a meteor across the sky of Parisian art.

If the last section, the "Contemporary School," contains many unknown quantities, it cannot be said to be any less interesting.

In these days art moves with a rapidity unknown in earlier periods. Schools rise and fall;

Cubism passes. But the artists of merit emerge and survive. Bonnard has a rare lyrical beauty, something of which is seen in his delicate painting of "Les Coquelicots"; Georges Braque resolves expressive pattern remotely under Cézanne's influence in his "Nature Morte," which Mr. McNeil Reid has lent. Derain, Dufresne, Segonzac are on their way to recognition as masters. Vuillard is akin to Bonnard, but his remarkable "Portrait of Lugue Poë" (1891)



PORTRAIT OF LUGUE POË

By Edouard Vuillard

By permission of Messrs. Reid and Lefèvre, Ltd.

shows him in unusual mood.

Picasso, the Spanish painter, with his infinite variety, has never painted anything more delightful than "L'Enfant à la Colombe," which one used to have the privilege of seeing in Mrs. Workman's collection.

There is an exquisite Redon, "Le Vase Vert," and finally there is Henri-Matisse, one of the newest influences in art and perhaps the latest to find fame. He is represented by two fine pictures—two lovely interiors, "La Fenêtre à Nice" and "Vase de Fleurs," and one bad picture.

Those who are possessed of great ingenuity may possibly find beauty in the work of Jean Lurçat, as well as a more obvious affectation.

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BOOK REVIEWS

LETTERS OF WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART, edited by HANS MERSMANN. Translated by BOZMAN. (J. M. Dent and Sons.) 10s. 6d. net.

This admirable translation of Mozart's letters gives us a vivid and poignant picture of genius at bay. Throughout, it has the dramatic quality of a novel, though no novelist could treat his hero quite so scurrily as Fate treated poor Wolfgang. He never had a chance. As a child he was dragged round Europe by a father determined to exploit his marvellous talents, with the result that when his unimaginative parent expected him to settle down in Salzburg he found the boy detesting the humdrum life and despising his provincial environment. Father Leopold, who to do him justice was an excellent musician and a doting father, wished to keep Wolfgang in leading strings. At the same time he was consumed with the ambition of seeing his son famous and rich—famous because he estimated correctly the unique quality of his genius; and rich because Leopold, always living beyond his means, realized acutely the discomforts which debt brings in its train. Wolfgang, whose filial piety was of a piece with the rest of his confiding nature, fidgeted under the yoke. The absurdity is patent of sending a young man of twenty-one to seek his fortune in the world accompanied by his mother, as did Leopold on the famous visit to Paris. But when one finds Leopold writing to his son to say that he must not accept hospitality, "but as long as mamma is there you must rest by her side . . . Let the room be as small as it may, there *must* be room for a bed for you," the wonder is that Wolfgang did not revolt against parental authority long before that spring of 1781 in Vienna, when he was twenty-five and threw over his Salzburg slavery for ever.

Yet if Fate dealt harshly with Mozart—and his early death is certainly the greatest loss music has suffered—it failed to quell his sanguine and irrepressible spirit. Mozart always had his back to the wall, but no one ever acted more gaily in that unpleasant position. His letters, to the harassed end, show the same genial humour and *joie de vivre* as runs through those of his boyhood during his Italian tour, probably the happiest time of his life. The anger flashes out when he thinks he has been ill-treated, though his touchiness to social slights has been exaggerated. Mozart heralds the dawn of the romantic movement that was to set the artist on a pinnacle of sentiment which he had never before attained. But Mozart had been bred in the caste system of an earlier time where there was a greater freedom of social intercourse between the classes, in that every one, from emperor to valet, knew his place. It irked Wolfgang that he had to sit at table with the archbishop's personal domestics. At the same time he moved freely in the houses of the great, and was on speaking terms with most of the crowned heads of Europe. And had he been just a little worldly-wise and possessed just the slightest strain of native shrewdness he would have found his financial troubles melt away like the April snows on the mountains round his native Salzburg. It is easy to throw the blame upon his age. But as one reads these letters the person chiefly to blame for the one defect in Mozart's

character seems to be Leopold, who first taught his son to be in a hurry and failed to inculcate the maxim, necessary above all for a brilliant and ambitious youth, that everything comes to him who waits.

One of the most striking things in these letters is the complete absence of solemnity in Mozart's reaction to music. This Latin characteristic crops up on page after page. He composed because it was his vocation. "I cannot write poetically, for I am no poet. I cannot artfully arrange my phrases so as to give light and shade. Neither am I a painter; nor can I even express my thoughts by gesture and pantomime, for I am no dancer. But I can do so in sounds. I am a musician." That was a serious enough affirmation of faith. But Mozart wrote also to please, and nothing delighted him more than when any particular passage drew forth applause and *bravissimi* from his audience. To us who dislike clapping between the movements of a work this easy-going procedure seems almost incredible. Our behaviour to Mozart would have appeared cold and unappreciative. Another foible of ours would have impressed him as little—the desire for what we call the perfect performance. Mozart suffered from his interpreters, as all composers have done in greater or less degree. But there can be no doubt he was satisfied with a standard which would appal our connoisseurs of today. When at the second performance of "Die Entführung aus dem Serail" two of the chief singers were absent from the caste, Mozart was so angry that he declared he would not permit another performance unless he had "a short rehearsal for the singers!" But his annoyance was inspired rather by the ill-effect this produced on the audience than by any outrage it did to his own musical feelings. This attitude resulted naturally from his living in a great creative musical age. Excessive finish in performance arises when those musicians who loom largest in the public eye are not composers but executants. These establish their reputation by the performance of works belonging to past generations, and with the cult of the classics goes that suspicion of contemporary music which has reached its height amongst the musical public of our own time. Mozart refers once or twice to Handel and the Bach family. He knew their work and did not disguise his admiration for it. The fact that he wrote additional accompaniments for the "Messiah" is a proof of his appreciation for Handel, though coloured by the belief that the race of giants was not extinct. But he was much more interested in himself and his own contemporaries. The present contained things far too vivid to make it worth while paying homage to the past. That he should describe Nuremberg as "a most hideous town" is typical of his attitude to art in general and music in particular. And there can be little doubt that it was a healthy attitude.

Of the many charming touches that make one of the greatest artists Europe has ever produced live for us in these pages, one cannot speak in a brief review. But this self-portrait leaves the reader with a profound impression of the loveliness of a harassed soul whose greatness is revealed beneath a gay exterior which greeted life with a smile that was too often not returned.

H. E. WORTHAM

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts



THE LEGEND OF THE SLEEPY HOLLOW, by
WASHINGTON IRVING. Illustrated by ARTHUR RACKHAM.
(Harrap.) 12s. 6d.

If chronological fact did not contradict the possibility one would say that Washington Irving wrote the charming "Legend of the Sleepy Hollow" especially for the benefit of Mr. Arthur Rackham and his peculiar fancy. Its hero, Ichabod Crane, is the very quintessence of Rackhamism, as you may glean from the American author's description, thus: "He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weathercock perched upon a spindle neck, to tell which way the wind blew." Moreover, he "was a perfect master of Cotton Mather's 'History of New England Witchcraft,' in which, by the way, he most firmly and potently believed." He was, in fact, the very stuff that Mr. Rackham's dreams and drawings are made of. In consequence, this illustrated edition of the "Sleepy Hollow Legend" is—from cover to cover—sheer delight.

A DICTIONARY OF FLORENTINE PAINTERS, by
SIR DOMINIC COLNAGHI. Edited by P. G. KONODY and
SELWYN BRINTON. (John Lane.) 3 guineas net.

This dictionary, compiled by the late Sir Dominic Colnaghi, formerly a British Consul in Florence, was manifestly undertaken as a labour of love. It contains much new and out-of-the-way information, especially in regard to the social and economical conditions under which the Florentine artists had to ply their various trades, for even the painter did not confine himself to the painting of easel or mural pictures. As Mr. Brinton in his introduction points out, its perusal enables one to put together a vivid picture of the Florentine craftsman's "difficulties, his social pleasures of the closely intimate, often beautiful relation of master and pupil, of his friendships, quarrels, financial struggles, and those glad, compensating moments of creative success." The editors have apparently not added considerably to the author's manuscript, nor do they claim to have verified every fact which, as Mr. Brinton says, "would require not one but several lifetimes." Nevertheless, there seem only a few minor criticisms to be made, and they only because a book of this kind requires a greater degree of accuracies in printing than any other. The system of abbreviation, convenient in the compiling of the MS., is sometimes a little confusing and unnecessary in a comparatively short book. The spelling is not always

consistent, and useful cross references are occasionally overlooked. Artists are not *systematically* dealt with under either their family or their better-known Christian or nicknames. The data about Botticelli appear, for example, under his nickname; whilst Michelangelo's are given under his family name, Buonarroti.

These are, however, only minor matters which can easily be rectified in a second edition which this book, as a standard work of reference, will certainly call for.

ENGLISH ART IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, by
C. REGINALD GRUNDY. (The Studio, Ltd.) 10s. 6d. net.

This is a concise account of the arts in England, with perhaps a slight emphasis on the importance of the native rather than the foreign workers, numerous and important, who lived temporarily or settled in this country. The ground covered by the author in this small, well-illustrated volume is enormous, and his judgment—on the whole—just. Zoffany deserved, perhaps, a little more than an appreciative but merely passing reference. Blake is worthy of a more exhaustive mention, and Thomas Bewick's significance is too cryptically expressed by telling the public whom the author presumably addresses that he gave a new lease of life to wood-engraving by the introduction of the "white line method."

In view of the fact that the author deals with not only painting and engraving but also with architecture, sculpture, furniture, metalwork, ceramics, and miniatures, it is, however, next to impossible to do every aspect of it full justice—and Mr. Grundy has, at all events, nearly done the impossible, and done it extremely well.

THE BALLAD OF THE WHITE HORSE, by G. K.
CHESTERTON. Tenth edition, illustrated by ROBERT AUSTIN.
(Methuen.) 12s. 6d.

Mr. Chesterton's "Ballad of the White Horse" has passed through nine editions since it was published in 1911—*verb. sap.* This, the tenth and illustrated one, has just been issued. It calls only for a few remarks on the illustrations. They are in keeping with the ballad of which the author tells us that "it does not profess to be historical." Perhaps the title pages and chapter openings are, on the whole, the most successful part of the typographical decorations. The illustrations are agreeable arrangements of black and white, and make good patterns in themselves, but do not "sit" quite happily on the page.

CONFESSIONS OF AN INCURABLE COLLECTOR, by
DESMOND COKE. (Chapman and Hall.) 21s.

Mr. Desmond Coke's book is surely one of the most egotistical ever written—and by that token one of the most engaging. It is virtually an *apologia pro vita sua*, and passages in it prove that he has made collecting, not a hobby, but almost a religion. After lamenting, towards the end of his book, "the inane, discordant hustle of our present life," "the motiveless, nerve-racking rush," he says: "Old things seem to me the only refuge that my human soul can find from this new tyranny. They give leisure, they bring peace." And further: "If it could be remembered of me, at my death, that I loved Beauty and tried modestly to save it from oblivion; that I wrote novels, mediocre indeed, but such that they were 'all my own work' and could not

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be docketed as copies of some greater master; that I gave England a collection, such as could not now be bought, of painted silhouettes by English artists of the eighteenth century; that I helped her to keep in England the paintings of Rowlandson, a great and very English artist; that I was almost the first English buyer of some English moderns; I shall not feel, remote and leisure demanding idiot as I am, that I have failed totally in the career I set myself, not narrowly, of 'Art.' The author, you perceive, is



AN INCURABLE COLLECTOR

From *Confessions of an Incurable Collector* (Chapman and Hall, Ltd.)

old-fashioned: he has ideals; he would, as his final ambition, even wish "to scatter among loved ones the object he most loved collecting"—giving them away! One can now understand why his book possesses that extraordinary charm—whether he discusses Rowlandsons or Netsukes, Silhouettes or Stumpwork, Knife Handles, Penny Dreadfuls or Modern Art—a sense of intimacy, as if the author were anxious to make a friend of the reader. In one sentence: "The *Confessions of an Incurable Collector*" are worth reading by those who are not collectors and do not intend to forget the present and the future in contemplating the past in their leisure moments.

INDIAN SCULPTURE AND PAINTING

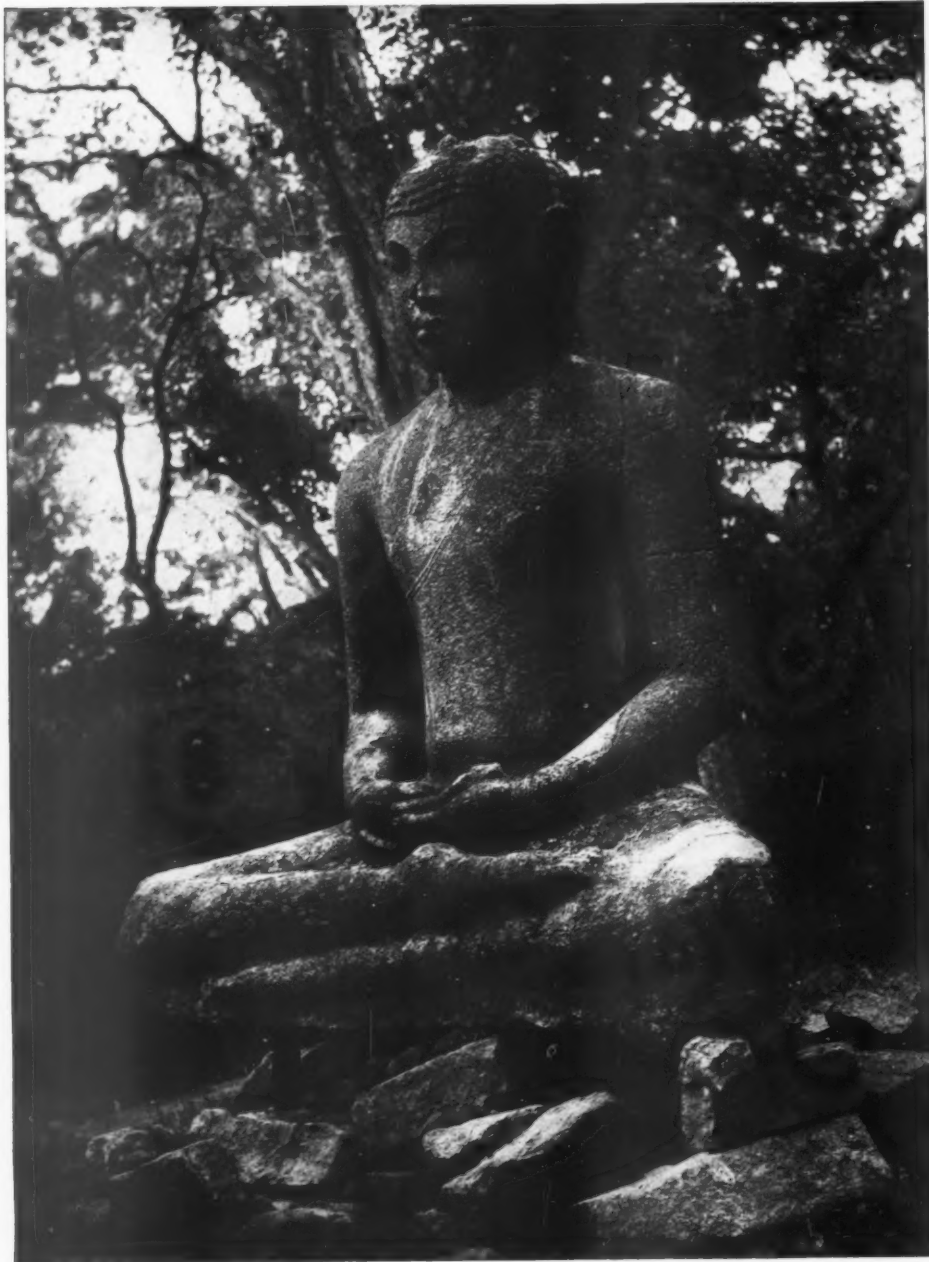
INDIAN SCULPTURE AND PAINTING, by E. B. HAVELL.
2nd Edition. Large 8vo, pp. xxiv + 288 + plates lxxviii.
(London: John Murray.) Cloth bound. 42s.

Art is art; it is neither æsthetics, religion, nor history. It is form; the form which the artist considered beautiful, however engendered. National or regional, it is just as much form as though it were individual. Because Indian art is generic, it does not cease to be the expression of a single person's personality in its individual manifestations. Like Gothic, however, it is indeed a multiple expression which, nevertheless, does not prevent the appreciation of individual work, although the artist is unnamed. If more were known of the individuals who made the Gothic and Indian statues, there would be greater regard for them; if more were understood of Gothic and Indian, then more masterpieces would stand out of the mass for recognition.

Twenty years ago, when the author of "Indian Sculpture and Painting" first published his valuable book, Indian art was less esteemed than it is today. The change is largely due to this and companion volumes issued by E. B. Havell. The estimation of Indian art owes much to his devoted labours, and he must have the satisfaction of knowing that his reward has come in the real love of Indian sculpture and painting which now exists. Sometimes a querulous note creeps into his text; things have not progressed so quickly as he might have wished; contemporary Indian art is not recognized sufficiently. He may rest assured that the new edition of his work, with all its additions of text and illustrations, and all the revision of the old text will hasten what he so impatiently desires.

The illustrations in themselves, in number and in beauty, must compel the admiration of all who love form. The Indian form is a strange one, but no stranger than Egyptian, or Maya with which it has much in common. The issue of these seventy-eight plates, carefully chosen and well produced, will secure a large new body of admirers of Indian art and send them to the museums for further study. But Indian art-form has an intense relativity to Indian religion, even more intense than is the case with Gothic. Indian religion is so much more mystical than Christian, strive as have some of the saints to make Christianity more mystical—in which task they have been well aided by the great Christian sculptors and painters. Indian religious systems were universal and, as such, dominating, imposing themselves on both life and art. The religions secured the services of art, but art produced the artists. We have fervent religions today, but they do not give us great art; we have art which succeeds in maintaining the succession of great artists however. Religions have been potent forces in art; but there has, in great art, always been an even more potent force still—Nature.

Art is form; Nature is form; religion is not form, but can invoke the creation of form by the hands of its devotees,



GAUTAMA BUDDHA (CEYLON)

From Indian Sculpture and Painting (London: John Murray)

and they go to Nature for the form by which they may express themselves. The nearer they get the more beautiful is the form they call into being. It is nothing that the Indian sculptor gives to the Deity an attenuated waist; that the Chinese painter provides an enormous paunch for the God of Mirth; that the Indian imager gives to his statues six arms, all beautifully articulated, as in the surprising Plate XXI of "Siva as Bhairava"; or an elephant's head to

the human trunk, Ganesha, who dances so gaily still in the Calcutta Museum. Arms are Nature's form; an elephant's trunk is Nature's form; just as a gull's beautiful outspread wing is, whether it is outspread from a living bird or from a painted angel.

What if there had been no religions? We should still have had art; still have had form-expression, that is. Religions have been of untold suggestiveness to art, but Nature!—Nature exists without religion; religious art does not exist without Nature. It is absurd to say that Indian artists are not naturalistic; they are beautifully naturalistic, and the lover of form need not concern himself at all with the religious significances, wonderful and mystic as these are. All these significances the author deals with in this learned as well as entertaining book, but, fortunately, not to the exclusion or confusion of the æsthetic idea. The three things—religion, æsthetics, and art—are, perhaps, distinguished a little vaguely, but there is ample appreciation of art-form apart from any other consideration, which is essential for the true apprehension of Indian sculpture and painting.

The spirit of the Indian art-form, it is maintained here, is inherent in India's dream of universal

form. When European classic art, when Babylonian and Assyrian art were on the wane or had ceased to be active, India was drawing to herself the forms that had been projected into the Western world. "Out of these eclectic influences, joined with the old indigenous traditions, Indian religious thought quickly formulated a new synthesis of art." From this there spread eastwards the emulative spirit which produced the arts of far-away

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Java and Cambodia, and others north and east, which the author pursues, discusses, and illustrates.

What, however, of the Gautama Buddha? There is nothing like it from Europe or Western Asia. It is at Anuradhapura, in Ceylon, and was probably sculpted by a North Indian artist of the fourth century A.D. The Buddhist symbolism is read into it, but it is not this that gives it its art value. It is a supreme piece of form-expression quite apart from any other consideration, and is not equalled in any of the later developments in India proper or in the distant countries to which Buddhism and Hinduism penetrated. The author is not quite definite enough regarding the lines of development, and secures illustrations of his religious and cultured themes indiscriminately, leading to some little confusion as to his artistic geography. In Java he finds examples which the casual reader might be excused for regarding as indigenous Indian forms. The *Prajñāpāramitā* is Javanese, eight hundred years later than the Gautama Buddha, and therefore sophisticated—a piece of rococo work overladen with ornament, decorative in feeling, the face and trunk suavely beautiful. It is compact of symbolism, the ideal of supreme wisdom, and it may also be the posthumous portrait of a Javanese queen. Strip these two sculptures of all religious associations and they remain superb examples of sculpture based on Nature, the Buddha primitive, the Queen traditional—a classic of its school.

Of naturalistic modelling combined with decoration, another example is the "Siva as Natārāja." This is so lifelike and so essentially plastic that it was hailed by Rodin as a masterpiece in these respects. Pure naturalism, almost amounting to plastic realism, is found in the relief

from Amarāvati. Religion provides inspiration and even opportunity; Nature provides form.

Half this fine book is devoted to Indian painting, and half of that to the modern school, of which very beautiful examples are given.

KINETON PARKES



PADMAPĀNI (NEPAL)

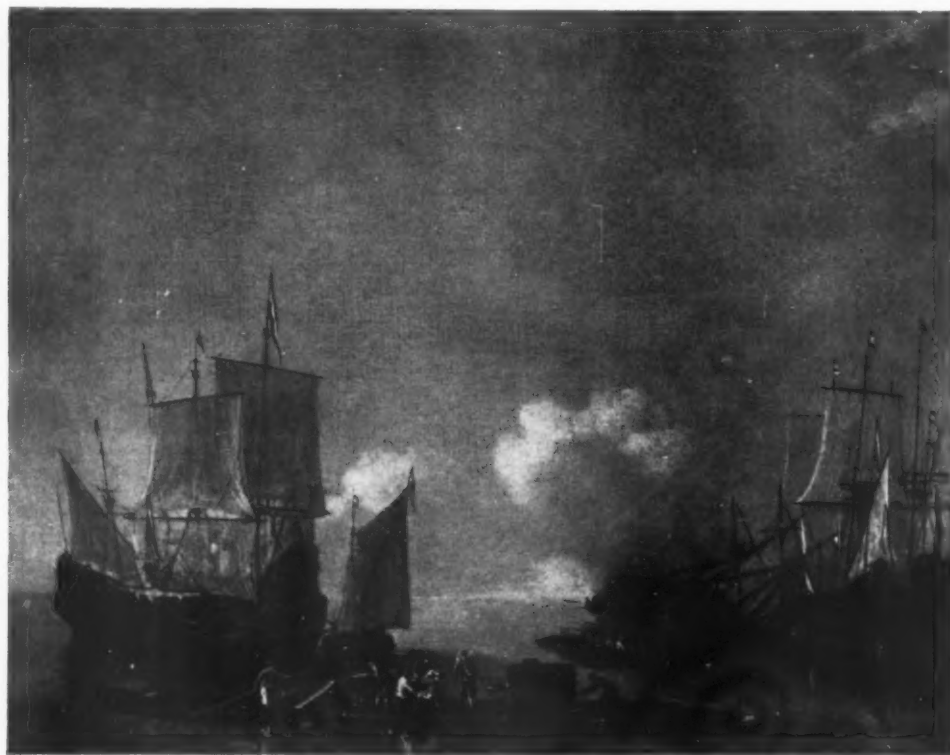
From *Indian Sculpture and Painting* (London: John Murray)

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OLD SEA PAINTINGS: THE STORY OF MARITIME ART AS DEPICTED BY THE GREAT MASTERS, by E. KEBLE CHATTERTON. With 15 illustrations in colour and 95 in black-and-white, mainly from the Macpherson collection. (John Lane, The Bodley Head, Ltd.) 42s. net.

There is an increasing interest today in old ships and all that is connected with them, especially models, prints, and paintings. Mr. Keble Chatterton's new volume, "Old Sea Paintings," following upon his previous volume, "Old Ship Prints"—both based mainly upon the Macpherson collection, which has now become national property—is therefore timely. As the author points out, it is surprising "that in a world full of artistic productions there have

Van de Veldes, Backhuysens, Monamys—only occasionally produced a work of lasting value such as the younger Van de Velde's famous "Coup de Canon" in Amsterdam. Even Turner's marines, if we except on the one hand the "Evening Star," on the other the "Ulysses Deriding Polyphemus," and possibly "The Fighting Téméraire," now hardly thrill. As for the others, the Pococks, Serres, Huggins, etc.—well, Mr. Chatterton says all that can be said in their favour. Mr. Chatterton's standards are, however, not governed exclusively by æsthetical considerations, since in his view the complete marine artist "must satisfy not merely the lover of beautiful things, but that stern critic, the seaman." In a book of this kind



SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY SHIP CAREENED

Painted by Reynier Nooms

From Old Sea Paintings (John Lane, The Bodley Head, Ltd.)

been comparatively few marine pictures," and it is perhaps still more surprising that amongst those comparatively few the number of paintings of other than technical and historical interest is almost infinitesimal. That, furthermore, the æsthetic significance of the pictures has, on the whole, decreased rather than increased with the march of the centuries since the fourteenth will surprise only those who have not followed the evolution of art. This declension is to be noted in this handsomely illustrated volume. No artist mentioned or illustrated by Mr. Chatterton, not even Turner, has done æsthetically quite so well as the miniaturist who depicted the "French and English Expedition to Barbary" in Froissart's "Chronicles," reproduced in this book. The best of the best marine painters—the

this "dual control" is unavoidable, which, of course, really means that the æsthetic side must give way to the "stern critic, the seaman." Whilst the volume is full of historical and technical information, the æsthetical side is somewhat unjustly treated. At least, it seems that Mr. Chatterton does not always give his own material the credit it deserves. There are, at least, two illustrations of apparently considerable æsthetic interest which he himself belittles. Of course, it is possible that in the process of reduction the pictures have been improved; but the painting by Lieutenant Thomas Yates, R.N., reproduced in colour on the plate facing page 128, and the black-and-white illustration of a "Naval Action" by Mather Brown, which follows it, at one remove, seem both to possess rather exceptional

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merits from the æsthetical point of view. They are at least consciously and carefully and successfully designed. Moreover, we gather from the author's text that both artists must have been psychologically interesting individuals, which is presumptive evidence of the merit of their work.

H. F.

FAMOUS SCOTTISH HOUSES: THE LOWLANDS, by THOMAS HANNAN. With 101 full-page illustrations in photogravure. (A. and C. Black.) 12s. 6d. net.

This pleasant volume has a twofold appeal: historical and æsthetical. The author has chosen those buildings

the residence of the Earl of Haddington, of which "some idea may be formed from the curious fact that all the ten successive Earls of Haddington have made a point of adding a piece to it." The book also includes valuable information about the artistic treasures to be found in these fifty Scottish residences.

THE POEMS OF NIZAMI, described by LAURENCE BINYON. Folio, pp. viii + 32 + plates xvi. Linen bound. (London: The Studio, Ltd.) 30s.

The manuscript of the five poems of Nizami, of which sixteen pages are reproduced in facsimile, is not only one



ENGLISH MAN-OF-WAR SALUTING

Painted by Peter Monamy

From *Old Sea Paintings* (John Lane, The Bodley Head, Ltd.)

which have a living interest in the present as well as a history in the past, giving an account of the architectural features and of past and present owners. In the latter respect the book is likely to appeal only to a comparatively limited circle, but on account of its architectural interest and the excellent illustrations it should command a much wider public. Not that all these Scottish houses are necessarily of great antiquity, but they are for the most part very characteristic and "un-English," and in many cases present a curious combination of the old and the new. One could cite many examples: "Bemersyde," the late Lord Haig's residence; "Hatton House," residence of the chairman of the L.N.E.R.; and "Tynninghame House,"

of the greatest manuscript treasures in the British Museum, for which it was acquired in 1880; it is the finest Persian manuscript of its period—the sixteenth century—in the world. In it the glories of Persian painting are revealed. The pages are miniature in method, but not what is regarded as miniature in size; they are only about a third larger than foolscap, yet every page is a picture and has the illusion of largeness. There is so much in each one, so wide a scene, such variety of incident, so vivid a story and so many figures that the scale seems large. In point of fact the scale is large; but the details are put in with such surety of placement, such dexterity of brushwork, such magic of composition that the picture is filled but is never

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overcrowded. Each page is bordered in two tones of gold with animal and floral decoration; the introductory matter is written in panels decorated in coloured conventional patterns. There are 396 pages of text and pictures, an astounding performance and as beautiful as it is surprising. It was written during the four years from 1539 to 1543 by Shah Mahmud Nishapuri for Tahmasp, Shah of Persia, and the writing itself is a work of art apart from the pictures and decorations.

The paintings were never finished, but fourteen were made for the first four of the poems, and these are what are reproduced in this fascinating folio. Three more were done a century and a half later; but their style, deflected by European influence, does not accord with the original number. Shah Tahmasp ascended his throne in 1524, and gathered around him beautiful things and those who could make them. There were five artists who were prepared to paint these large miniatures for Nizami's poems, written so exquisitely by Nishapuri—Mirak, Sultan Muhammed, Mir Sayyid Ali, Mirza Ali, and Muzaffar Ali. For the most part they made them the size of the manuscript page, but did not paint in the actual manuscript; the pictures were inserted. Mirak, carver in ivory as well as painter—miniature work, too—is one of the two supreme masters of Persian art, and the other four were only a little less great. A fine equality of achievement throughout the fourteen paintings is equalled by the consistency of their style. All of them might have been the work of a single artist. This gives the book a homogeneity which could not be secured in any other way and which is one of its chief values. The pictures are beautiful in colour. Landscapes and interiors are peopled with strange, live figures, every one telling its own story; in the landscapes often riding, or accompanied by their own horse or ass, queer fat animals with their dainty legs; deer and other animals appear in unexpected places; the Prophet ascends to heaven on a horse with an angel's head, but without wings; winged angels accompany him into a sky of exquisite clouds; deer that are like horses, as to their bodies, die by the arrows of gorgeous pursuing huntsmen. The interior scenes are gorgeous with wall-paintings and decorated furniture of elaborate designs, and in these surroundings Royal personages eat and drink and are otherwise entertained, and duels and other tragedical happenings lead to deaths. In landscapes and in interiors alike there is always drama; these strange miniature figures move in these scenes with the certainty of fate, with the absolute sureness of reality. They are not marionettes, nor automatons; they are actual little people that these great masters of Persian painting have put into this marvellous manuscript. Of the book as published no praise can be too high; it is not a pretentious volume, its sole aim being to exhibit this great work of art in reproduction as well as possible. The aim has been well realized.

A RECONSTRUCTION

THE VILLA MADAMA, ROME: A RECONSTRUCTION,
by W. E. GREENWOOD. Large 8vo, pp. viii + 76 + plates xxix.
(London: John Tiranti.) Cloth. 63s.

This volume is an example of a labour of love which counts no time nor pains in its prosecution. With an enthusiasm for colour decoration, highly meritorious in itself, W. E. Greenwood, a Fellow of the Institute of British Decorators, has thoroughly exploited the Villa

Madama, designed by Raphael and built by Giulio Romano, his favourite pupil, who made the detailed drawings and carried out the painted decorations. He was assisted in turn by his friend, Giovanni Penni, in the execution of the pictures, and in the decorations Giovanni da Udine lent his accomplished aid. The villa, built on the slopes of Monte Mario, above the Ponte Molle over the Tiber, was the project of Cardinal Giulio Medici, who aspired to a country retreat where the great artists and writers could be gathered together for discourse. Since Pompeii no palace was designed as to colour so ambitiously as this; no masters of their arts were greater than the three or four who were engaged upon this unusual domestic structure. It is not a masterpiece of architecture so much as of colour decoration, but the palace itself is enhanced by its lovely gardens which front the celebrated loggia.

All the authorities and every available drawing have been consulted by the author, who, with his intensive study of the villa itself, has now made a reconstruction which must be the admiration of all architects and decorators; for, sad to say, the villa was allowed to go to ruin and has only of recent years been again made habitable, care being taken to preserve what remained of its art and in no sense to restore it. But a very good idea of the villa's splendours can now be obtained from this book, which reproduces plans, drawings, and designs, as well as photographs of the villa as it actually is and, above all, fine drawings in colour of what it probably was. A most worthy monument to a most interesting specimen of domestic colour decoration.

MODERN BOOK PRODUCTION. (Published by The Studio, Ltd.) 1928.

The art of book production has made tremendous progress all over the civilized world, and this is due in the last analysis to two movements less separated in time than in spirit—the William Morris movement in the crafts and the Cubistic movement in the fine arts. Curiously enough, neither succeeded best in the directions they aimed at. William Morris's revival of the past both in spirit and craftsmanship was as much a *faux pas* as the Cubists' desire to create a present out of the future and to limit the expression of æsthetic ideas to geometrical forms. Nevertheless, it is owing to the attention drawn upon the æsthetic value of craftsmanship by Morris and his contemporaries that we have an art of book production, and to Cubistic principles developed beyond the conceptions of their originators that we have an art of machine design in general.

As "Modern Book Production," the "Studio's" most admirable new publication, shows, the tendency towards clear and clean-cut design has grown steadily. We see little of romantic sloppiness or extravagant "originality." Nor are the differences between the productions of different countries as marked as they used to be. Everywhere the architectural or, less ambiguously expressed, the structural quality of the design as a whole, whether of title or text page, whether of dust cover or binding, has been carefully considered in its two aspects: the æsthetic and the associative. For if it is necessary that a book should look well, it is just as necessary that its appearance, however attractive, should be in keeping with its text. A third and no less important point is that, however good and suitable the design, it must depend on the executive qualities of the machine, not of the hand. The art of the book is so far, perhaps, the only one which has successfully solved the



THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO SAINT
MATTHEW

THE BOOK OF THE GENERATION OF JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF DAVID, THE SON OF ABRAHAM. ABRAHAM BEGAT ISAAC; AND ISAAC BEGAT JACOB; AND JACOB BEGAT JUDAS AND HIS BRETHREN; AND JUDAS BEGAT PHARES AND ZARA OF Thamar; and Phares begat Esrom; and Esrom begat Aram; and Aram begat Aminadab; and Aminadab begat Naasson; and Naasson begat Salmon; and Salmon begat Booz of Rachab; and Booz begat Obed of Ruth; and Obed begat Jesse; and Jesse begat David the king; and David the king begat Solomon of her *that had been the wife* of Urias; and Solomon begat Roboam; and Roboam begat Abia; and Abia begat Asa; and Asa begat Josaphat; and Josaphat begat Joram; and Joram begat Ozias; and Ozias begat Joatham; and Joatham begat Achaz; and Achaz begat Ezekias; and Ezekias begat Manasses; and Manasses begat Amon; and Amon begat Josias; and Josias begat Jechonias and his brethren, about the time they were carried away to Babylon: and after they were brought to Babylon, Jechonias begat Salathiel; and Salathiel begat Zorobabel; and Zorobabel begat Abiud; and Abiud begat Eliakim; and Eliakim begat Azor; and Azor begat Sadoc; and Sadoc begat Achim; and Achim begat Eliud; and Eliud begat Eleazar; and Eleazar begat Matthan; and Matthan begat Jacob; and Jacob begat Joseph the husband of Mary, of whom was born Jesus, who is called Christ. So all the generations from Abraham to David *are* fourteen generations; and from David until the carrying away into Babylon *are* fourteen generations; and from the carrying away into Babylon unto Christ *are* fourteen generations.

Now the birth of Jesus Christ was on this wise: When as his mother Mary was espoused to Joseph, before they came together, she was found with child of the Holy Ghost. Then Joseph her husband, being a just *man*, and not willing to make her a publick example, was minded to put her away privily. But while he thought on these things, behold, the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream, saying, Joseph, thou son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife: for that which is conceived in her is of the

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vexed problem: Machine or hand? by answering it with an emphatic: Both! A perusal of this judiciously composed volume, in which a choice selection of examples is strengthened by a series of perhaps informative commentaries by the editor and other not quite so expert writers, proves the justness of this solution to the hilt. There are very few specimens with which one can find serious fault, and very many which one greatly admires: so much so that one can confidently promise, even the "general reader," considerable pleasure from the perusal of these pages.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS

THREE GIFTS: After the French version entitled "Tangu et Féline," by MONSIEUR DE LA HARPE; done into English by SIR FRANK SWETTENHAM, with MARILLIER'S five illustrations. 8vo, pp. 76. Boards. (London: John Lane, The Bodley Head.) 12s. 6d.

This is a charming book printed by the Westminster Press, with marble boards and linen back. The Arabian stories are moral without being uninteresting and with a distinct flavour of liveliness as might be expected from Arabia and Paris. The fine illustrations are very charming miniatures from steel engravings by Marillier, printed in 1780, and tinted by hand. They are rather more French than Arabian, and are exquisitely reproduced in colours and gold.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF COLOUR, by J. LITTLEJOHNS. 8vo, pp. 62, illus. 13. Cloth. (London: Winsor and Newton.) 2s.

The object of this little book is to provide the artist whose instinct does not prompt him to create his own palette with the means of furnishing one on scientific principles. The illustrations, with one exception in colour, are diagrammatic. The ideal set forth is to select the smallest possible number of pigments that will give the largest possible representation of the spectrum; to so arrange that the palette can be spoken of in exact terms. Definitions and abbreviations are supplied and everything is concert-made for painting—but how to paint!

FOREIGN REVIEW SECTION

BY KINETON PARKES

HISTORY OF NORWEGIAN ART

NORSK KUNSTHISTORIE. Two vols., large 8vo. Vol. I. Early Art to Seventeenth Century, pp. viii + 436 + coloured plates 3. Illus. Sewn. 34s. Vol. II. Eighteenth to Twentieth Century, pp. viii + 680 + coloured plates 5. Sewn. (Oslo: Gyldendal Norsk Forlag.) 44s.

Few countries have their art histories so well recorded as Norway in this business-like, modest work. It is a model of arrangement and organization and is written by a select body of experts acting under an editorial committee of two—Harry Fett and Carl W. Schnitler. It has an illustration to nearly every page, and many of them are

full-page. The eight colour plates are excellent. There is a rich sobriety in Norwegian art which is well matched by the format of these volumes. They are well-made books of first-class paper and were printed at Stavanger. They will serve not only Norway but the world for many years to come, and in themselves are hardly likely to be superseded at any time. They have an advantage over many histories in that the later stages of the arts are treated in as full a manner as the earlier. They convey as much information about the arts of today as of those of yesterday, and a good sense of proportion is always maintained.

The plan of the history is the setting forth by specialists of definite stages, from the prehistoric and primitive dealt with by Haakon Shetelig, and the period of folk-art by A. W. Brogger. After this there is more specialization, for the Middle Ages are dealt with in these sections: churches and other religious buildings by Johan Meyer; sculpture and painting by Harry Fett; and the crafts by Thor Kieldand.

Rock incisions, carved animals of stone, succeed the flints, and are followed by handsome bronze axe-heads and engraved shields. Pottery comes after, very good in shape and artful in decoration, and the metalworkers begin to emboss their wares and to make purely ornamental objects. These are the most characteristic things in Norwegian art of the Viking period, and were called for by the vanity of those handsome warriors and their wives. Thuswise was sculpture born in Norway, and soon carts and sledges were covered with carved ornament, ever growing bolder in character even in the churches to which it soon became applied. With the churches at Bergen, Stavanger, Trondhjem, and elsewhere came the development of painting, and the painting and sculpture of the Norwegian Middle Ages as well as the mother-architecture were very fine, and an example is reproduced in colour. In colour, too, is the tapestry from Baldishol Church—now in the Oslo Museum—with its own character, yet in feeling at one with those preserved at Bayeux. This is but an example of one of the crafts of the period; furniture and metalwork were at an even higher stage.

With the period of the Renaissance, something of the essential nationality of the art goes and, in the description of the new buildings by Anders Bugge, contact is indicated with both German and Italian influences. At Østraat, a villa has a loggia and converging steps and a terrace with iron railings much more Italian than Norwegian. In the churches the sculpture and painting pass through the rococo stage to the baroque, and the art of portrait painting establishes itself between 1650 and 1700. This phase is dealt with by Carl W. Schnitler, while Henrik Grevenor notes the progress of the textile, metal, furnishing, and carving crafts.

In the second volume still more specialization occurs, for sculpture and painting are now dealt with separately. This is significant, for the time had arrived in the eighteenth century when these two arts were more and more separating themselves from the mother-architecture, becoming more individualized and disparate; the warmth of the Classical renaissance having passed, the enthusiasm died out, the coldness and calculating mechanism of neo-Classicism were ready to set in and gradually to increase in severity. Harry Fett describes the domestic, religious, and civil architecture of the eighteenth century, Carl W. Schnitler the sculpture and the painting, and Henrik Grevenor the crafts. Individual artists now emerge: Lars Sivertsen and Magnus Berg,

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FRU SORENSKRIVER DELPHIN (1842)

By Mathias Stoltenberg

From Norsk Kunsthistorie (Oslo : Gyldendal)

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with a remarkable relief of the apotheosis of Fredrik IV (now in the Hamburg Museum) among them—Magnus Berg who was painter too. The interference of Southern Europe becomes increasingly apparent, and in a very charming portrait of a woman by Petter Pettersen Batta there is more than a touch of the Italian high masters. Subject-pictures suggested by French and German models make their appearance, and landscape is born in Norway by way of Mathias Blumenthal's importations. In the crafts the century is notable for the development of pottery and glass.

With the article on "Nineteenth and Twentieth-Century Architecture," by Harold Aars, begins the 450-page history of modern Norwegian art—not merely adequately treated, but generously. The transition from the Empire to the Romantic and neo-Gothic is well described, and the newest buildings in Oslo and Bergen and elsewhere are illustrated. The newest are the best—the Bergen library in the National style, the modernist telegraph office in Oslo. For once sculpture is adequately treated. In Norway sculpture is not considered the Cinderella of the Arts. Through the centuries, as seen in this admirable history, sculpture in Norway has always been vigorous. During the neo-Classical debacle, Norwegian sculpture maintained its strength. Arne Nygaard Nilssen writes one hundred admirable pages on "Norwegian Modern Sculpture," a treatise in itself. Commencing with the neo-Classical contemporaries of Thorwaldsen—Hans Michelsen the greatest of them—in Middelthun some small amount of naturalism is noticeable which develops into the actual naturalism of Lexow Hansen. Stephan Sinding's influence, exercised from Copenhagen, was of great potency in the direction of naturalism, although his sculpture always retains some classic form. But in the work of Valentin Kielland the essential of contemporary Norwegian sculpture makes its appearance. This essential is spirituality expressed in original plastic form. The great master is Gustav Vigeland, and in all the world there is no plastic nor glyptic artist who exercises a greater imaginative influence, not only on his own countrymen, but on the sculptors of other nations. His conceptions are monumental; he is the greatest of all Norwegian sculptors, but there are several very considerable men besides. Two hundred pages are given by Jens Thiis to "Contemporary Norwegian Painting." Apart from the National school and Nature, three sources of influence are observable, in addition to the general concern with the problems of *plein air* and impressionism; they are Düsseldorf, Munich, and Paris. Among several considerable names, those of Dahl, Fearnley, Eilif Peterssen, Thaulow, Werenskiöld, Gerhard Munthe, and Christian and Per Krogh stand out, but there are many others who are almost as accomplished and almost as well known.

With two shorter articles on the crafts and peasant industries this fine work is brought to a close.

PEWTER

BÖHEMISCHES ZINN UND SEINE MARKEN, von
FRIEDRICH TISCHER. 4to, pp. xvi + 329 + plates xvi.
(Leipzig: Verlag Karl W. Hiersemann.) Cloth. Marks 90.

The marks on pewter are of the greatest importance, for they are a guarantee of the character of the alloy as arranged from time to time by the authorities concerned, trade guilds or municipal bodies. The beauty of the alloy itself depends entirely on the proportions of tin and

lead used, with small additions of bismuth, antimony, and copper, and the proportions vary according to the uses to which the objects are put. Roughly speaking, tin forms three quarters and lead one quarter of the alloy. At Montpelier, however, 96 per cent. tin was demanded for dishes and porringers, and 90 for salt-cellars and ewers; at Nuremburg, in the sixteenth century, 90 per cent. tin and 10 per cent. lead. In France, in the eighteenth century, 15 per cent. lead only was allowed. The first rules for making pewter go back as far as A.D. 1348, and the Pewterers' Company in London was very jealous in preserving the quality of their ware and allowed 26 pounds of brass to the hundredweight.

Pewter has an ancient history. It was used by the Romans; in the eleventh century at Rouen and Winchester



ENGRAVED AND EMBOSSED PEWTER PLATE IN THE
STATE MUSEUM, CARLSBAD

From *Böhemisches Zinn* (Leipzig: Karl W. Hiersemann)

it was allowed as a substitute for gold and silver for church vessels. It was made in Poitiers and Mons and spread to Augsburg and Nuremburg, where it extended its use from the kitchens and tables of those who were wealthy to those in humbler conditions. At the beginning of the eighteenth century its supersession by china and glass began, but there was a further factor which contributed to its decay. Instead of relying on the dictation of the material, the pewterers began to copy gold and silversmiths' work, and so the art declined.

The geographical extent of pewter is very wide, and the pewterers were very busy from England all the way to Russia. Central Europe was particularly concerned, and Bohemia's pewter is among the most interesting phases of the craft. The extent of it is to be judged by the sumptuous volume just issued with Bohemian pewter marks illustrated to no less a number than 1,258. Every town seems to have had its pewterer and its mark, and these towns are arranged in alphabetical order and the pewterers' names and the marks given to each. The research for such a volume must have been wide and heavy; the result is admirable.

The artistic value of Bohemian pewter is great, and much of it is of a very elaborate order. Large pieces were made

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for the churches—great candelabra, rococo in style; crucifixes, altar and christening vessels, and offertory plates and boxes. Table-ware included tankards and tureens, dishes and plates, and tea and coffee pots; and inkstands and clocks, tradesmen's signs and lavatory basins are all beautifully illustrated in the plates.

RUSSISCHES ZINN, von JOHANNES GAHLNBÄCK. Band I. Zinn und Zinngiesser in Moskau. Large 8vo., pp. xii + 218 + plates 16. (Leipzig: Verlag Karl W. Hiersemann.) Marks 64.

The marks on pewter are of great convenience to the collector, but they were resented, strangely enough, by some of the pewterers and often evaded. In the case of



ENGRAVED PEWTER BEAKER (FRONT VIEW) OF THE KAISERIN ELISABETA PETROWNA (MOSCOW)

From *Russisches Zinn* (Leipzig: Karl W. Hiersemann)

Russian pewter they are more easily recognizable than in most cases, and the eagle often appears. The pieces themselves often have lettering, especially around the edges of plates and dishes, and many of the illustrations in this attractive volume on Moscow pewter and pewterers consist of rubbings. This process, too, has been used for any engraved surface to which the paper could be closely applied. While a good deal of pewter, especially Bohemian pewter, is embossed and some of it cast with elaborate decoration, most of the Moscow ware, flat or round, is engraved and the lettering incised, forming very pleasant patterns, far less ornate than the rococo and baroque designs of later mid-European pewter. Only the comparatively few pieces for ecclesiastical use stray from the strict paths of pewter production, and these are cast with single all-round figures as well as figure reliefs. The Moscow pewterer stuck to the suggestions of the material

he worked in more closely than his Continental confrères, but some of the pieces illustrated seemed to have been spun. An example is a water jug in the Moscow Museum, of 1650, with very nice engraved decoration of birds and flowers. Johannes Gahlnbäck has produced a most useful and complete book in which there are 200 text illustrations of the work of the Moscow pewterers from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century. The text is in German, the descriptions of the plates and the index being in both German and Russian as well as the extensive list of Moscow pewterers.

With such books as these the collection of pewter is bereft of many of the collectors' difficulties. It is easy to identify most pieces. Forgeries are barred, but for the present there are not likely to be many pitfalls of this character. The end of the Russian pewter periods was delayed longer than in the case of Bohemia, but pewter generally fell into neglect for many years, and it was not until 1877 that it began to appear in craft literature. In Paris, in 1884, it achieved a volume to itself and the desire for pewter seized on the imaginations of collectors. Now it is pronounced, and half a dozen books at least on British pewter alone have appeared since 1900. These books on Bohemian and Russian pewter open out new fields which, with their aid, will no doubt soon be exploited by the collector, for much of the Continental pewter is as artistic as English, and some of it more so.

DUTCH SCULPTURE

OPGANG: Nos. 72, 73, 74. Sewn. (Amsterdam: Edition van Munster.)

A very good account of the modern sculpture of Holland is given in these numbers by Dr. F. M. Huebner. He does not deal with the older sculptors of the classical school, but dates the moderns from van Wijk (who was born in 1875, but died in 1917), J. Mendes da Costa (born ten years earlier), and Lambertus Zijl (born in 1866). These three men liberated Dutch sculpture from tradition with one sharp blow. They were, however, helped very greatly by the architect H. P. Berlage, who provided work for them and founded the modern architectural school with its intimate link with sculpture. Fortunately for Berlage, each of the three sculptors were men of original ideas, and these they propagated with a zeal which occasionally amounted to impudence. Architecture again came to the aid of sculpture, and architect J. M. van der Hey gave two young artists of the next generation their chance. These were H. A. van den Eijnde and Hildo Krop, both more uncompromising in their modernity than their predecessors. Their original work appears on van der Hey's "Scheepvaartshuis" at Amsterdam, and is so striking that once it had captured the public fancy there was no going back on it. Heavy in character and pronounced in style it has been followed by Theodor van Reijn, J. van Lunteren, J. Rädecker, B. Richters, J. Altorf, J. Polet, A. Remiëns, and G. Jacobs van den Hof, approaching brutality in its development in the case of the four former names, but softening somewhat in favour of grace in the four latter. There is fine decorative understanding in the architectural-sculptural work, owing nothing to tradition but owing everything to the human figure, which it treats in a wholly unsophisticated way—sometimes extravagantly, sometimes playfully, never afraid of distortion for decorative purposes, never afraid of ugliness for purposes of accent.

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Most conspicuous feature of all is the strong adherence to a reliance upon architectonic. This it is which gives to Dutch sculpture its unequivocal power.

MAANBLAD VOOR BEELDENDE KUNSTEN, Nos. 2, 3, 5, 7, 12. Sewn. (Amsterdam: J. H. de Bussy.)

Five of the younger Dutch sculptors are dealt with in these numbers of 1924—Hildo Krop, B. Richters, and L. Bolle, members of the Nederlandsche Kring van Beeldhouwers, and A. Remiëns and H. J. Jansen van Galen, sr., who are not. They are all united, however, in their uncompromising modernity—not one shows any great concern for the classical tradition; they are all for form-research, and they all carve. Their sculpture is excessively ugly very often; it is invariably strong. It is sometimes very beautiful and occasionally intentionally amusing as in the wooden figures of Jansen van Galen, sr., whose "Drunken Man" (carved in teak) and "Doctor" (in palisander wood) are full of character. This sculptor, in common with most of the young men, is engaged in applying his carving propensities in the production of architectural work, but, as will be seen from the work of the above, architecture by no means absorbs all their energies. Most of the illustrations are of separate pieces carved in stone or wood; very little modelling is reproduced, for modelling in Holland is in the descendant. The figure work of Jansen van Galen, sr., is matched by that of Remiëns whose wood statuettes and reliefs are individual in style, and by those of Richters who is influenced by negro sculpture, but also produces some of the most graceful carving of the school, as his "Woman's Figure" in high relief proves.

WENDINGEN. Square 4to, pp. 28 to 36. Sewn. (Santpoort, Holland: C. A. Mees.)

"Wendingen" prints but little text, and that in Dutch. It is run by an editorial committee of six, of whom one is a sculptor—Hildo Krop. It is the organ of the new architecture in Holland; of the architects and their friends to whom sculpture is of the first importance. The two most outstanding issues of "Wendingen" deal with the sculpture of Hildo Krop, that wild genius who is giving to modern architecture a distinction which adds to its already distinguished character. Krop is a carver who gives beauty to ugliness, and a whole number of "Wendingen" is given to its illustration and an article on it by C. J. Blaauw. Another issue contains his work also, but is otherwise concerned with that of Johan Polet, who is only less uncompromising in his massive groups, and of John Rädecker, among whose works a magnificent lion carved in syenite is conspicuous.

THE NEW THEORIES OF ART

BAUHAUSBUCHER, edited by WALTER GROPIUS and L. MOHOLY-NAGY. (Munich: Albert Langen Verlag.)

PUNKT UND LINIE ZU FLÄCHE, by KANDINSKY. Pp. 195 + 102 figures + 26 plates. Marks 12.

Midway between cubism and expressionism, Kandinsky's art-form resolves itself into a personal medium by which he desires to convey the spiritual aspirations of the soul. He is a Russian, with all his country's vast intellectual vagueness, who is ambitious of reducing to a definition feelings and mental states which are inherently inexpressible by ocular presentation. Kandinsky in his

own way is like Atkinson and the other architectonical expressionists who are in search of the abstract. He makes a full statement of how he is attempting to commandeer the sight for a task which is only capable of achievement by means of the ear. This is the second edition of a work which must be regarded as a final statement, for its theme is so thin, and its arguments so finely spun-out, that they can go no farther with any profit. It is a theme ostensibly concerned with the arrangement of dots, lines, and planes, and there can hardly be any doubt that the suggestion of a musical score as presented by the printed page has been a cogent factor in the development of this form of graphic representation. Kandinsky explains the system by which he expresses his ideas and by which he differentiates his work from that of the usual representational expression, and the explanation is singularly interesting. In spots and lines, when used graphically, there is the natural physical property of producing the vibrations of light. He himself is prompted to express his emotions by organized series of spots and lines, curved, straight, and he maintains that these graphic expressions must produce the corresponding expressions in the observer. Ingeniously he employs some symphonic lines of Beethoven in illustration. He regards graphic forms as symbols for the elements of emotion—musical notes are mere empty indications on paper—but a bar, a phrase, a movement compounded of these ciphers becomes an entity merely by its structure: graphic converted into music by arrangement of symbols. Kandinsky seeks to convey direct visual excitation by mere vibrations of light from arrangements of spots and lines on planes. An elaborate series of diagrams is helpful in elucidating the text; but the illustration, even with the aid of colour of an example of Kandinsky's art, does not produce the overwhelming assurance of a Beethoven sonata.

KUBISMUS, by ALBERT GLEIZES. Pp. 101, illus. 47. Marks 6.

The claims of cubism have had twenty years in which to establish themselves and their system. The outbreak took place three or four years before the war. Georges Braque assembled his bric-à-brac and called it still-life, oval or round as the shape of the frame happened to be. Robert Delaunay was catholic enough to include a translation of the Gothic of St. Séverin and a football match at Cardiff into cubistic terms. Pablo Picasso was with these in subject but exceeded them in fancy; he was more intriguing than they. Jean Metzinger carried the scheme into the fields, and his landscapes reel with a cubistic rhythm. Louis Marcoussis made picture-puzzles out of portraits. Juan Gris and Auguste Herbin exploited musical instruments and furniture; but it remained for Le Fauconnier to incorporate real painting with the new form. The contribution of Albert Gleizes was good painting also, with a more solid form-structure, and these two factors have determined the cubism of the last few years. It is now farther advanced towards the abstract ideal, which is of course impossible, of making shapes without shape; the shapes employed as motives in the work of the recruits to cubism—Robert Pouyard, Y. Posnansky, Otto Carlsund and others—are all recognizable. Cubism is at a standstill; it cannot progress. An interesting history of cubism is given by Albert Gleizes, who also supplies an account of its principles: the underlying matter of the creed which he calls a new form-consciousness.

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DIE GEGENSTANDLOSE WELT, by KASIMIR MALEWITSCH.
Pp. 100, illus. 92. Marks 6.

Pictures have been painted for the eye and from objects the eye recognizes for countless years. They have been painted as a whole scene or a portrait, or a design has been made embodying scenes and figures. Kasimir Malewitsch has analysed a few of them even to the brush-marks, and gives interesting enlargements of Cézanne and of a typical impressionistic work. He finds them lacking in construction and devotes more than half of his dissertation to a discussion of their shortcomings, with a view to the introduction of a new principle—Suprematismus. It appeals less to the eye than to the intellect, and forty pages are consumed in setting forth the application of the elements of construction in a work of art which shall appeal to pure reason and stir the emotions by elements and their nice arrangement rather than by taking a ready-made arrangement and copying it. Suprematismus is new life in art; a new world of feeling based on elemental construction; the free object and combination of objects on a plane so that they shall still remain free. The objects most in demand for the purpose are cubes and other rectangular masses, not treated cubistically but architectonically. Suprematismus stands, above all, for construction, and the rectangle is the safest form of the free element. Feeling and emotion are to be stimulated by angular forms until a new world of art lies open to the consciousness.

THE ARTS IN ASIA

L'ART ASIATIQUE AU BRITISH MUSEUM (SCULPTURE ET PEINTURE), par LAURENCE BINYON. Large 4to, pp. 76 + plates lxiv. Sewn. (Paris and Brussels: G. van Oest.) Francs 300.

There is great treasure in this beautiful volume, but it would have been better to have published the sculpture and the painting separately. It is not a history of art, and there is no real correlation established; the scope of the volume does not admit of any adequate chronology. It is an album of superb illustrations of the plastic, glyptic, and graphic arts of several countries, yet without the cohesion that is demanded when the arts are dealt with together. The first plate is a fine piece of primitive Buddhistic stone carving of the second century B.C.—a dryad, the figure entwined with the trunk and branches of a tree. There is beautiful simplification of form in the structure. A totally different conception of womanhood is revealed in the gilded bronze statue of the Goddess of Chastity found in Ceylon. In this, plastic form is stylized; the robust lines of the primitive dryad are modified to the required convention. The arms and hands are very beautiful, and the drapery very interesting. It was a happy thought to bring these two lovely pieces, a thousand years apart probably in their conception and production, thus to confront each other. A gulf, not of years, but of feeling, separates these from the Tang terra-cotta and wood figures of a woman, an actor, and a warrior, for they are secular. The most wonderful figure, however, is the "Arhat in Meditation"—a pottery seated figure with colour of the Tang dynasty, one of eight from a cave temple, the localities of the other seven being known. The static pose is perfect; the modelling of the hands that of a master, surpassed however by the plasticity of the head. The lines of the piece are deliciously flowing. The wood figure of a seated woman, originally plastered and coloured and probably of the twelfth century, is also very fine.

More than fifty plates are of paintings—Chinese, Japanese, Tibetan, Corean, Persian, Indian, Siamese, and Burmese; none of them in colour. But the astonishing deftness of composition and drawing, the charm of style, the ingenuity of subject, and the insight into Nature and human nature are revealed very well in these excellent plates—the Lotus, the Tiger of the Chinese school; Hotei and the children of Sesshu; the eighteenth-century girl barber, and the monkey and young of Mori Sosen of the Japanese school. The beauty of the Persian book pictures is equalled by that of the Indian paintings, and a liberal allowance of both schools has been made.

L'ART JAVANAIS DANS LES MUSÉES DE HOLLANDE ET DE JAVA, par N. J. KROM. (*Ars Asiatica*: VIII.) Folio, pp. 84 + plates lx. Sewn. (Paris and Brussels: G. van Oest.) Francs 300.

The art of Java, fine as it is in many respects, and interesting as its forms invariably are, has lost the spirituality of the Indian art from which it was derived. The stateliness of the earlier religious images with their purer symbolism has given place to sophistication, extravagance, and even grotesquerie. It is not the serious art of India, but it is very fine in several of its manifestations and is often most amusing. Not only in its religious aspects has it degenerated, but its Nature-study has also suffered a change. Animals, even the sacred ones, are employed as factors of fun or their characteristics are caricatured. The lion becomes a grinning nondescript; the elephant a large-paunched inebriate. But there are great things in Javanese sculpture quite worthy to be classed with their forbears—the statue of Dourgā, with its vigorous action; Ganesha squatting on his stool of skulls; that of Prajñāparamitā, with all its symbolism and decoration. Decoration is a leading note, and some of the craftwork is of a high order. There are the beautiful carvings of the temple of Majapahit; the elaborations of the statue of King Krtarājasa; the bronze castings of statuettes, bells, and beakers; the delicate castings, embossings, and engravings of sword furniture, dishes, and vases. Architectural details of a very interesting description are found, and some of the heads of Buddha are refined and impressive. An example of textile design—birds, flowers, and fruits—is excellent. The plates are beautifully printed, the notes are adequate, and Professor Krom's introduction is unusually long and exhaustive. The professor occupies a chair at the University of Leyden, and from the museum of that town many of these fine illustrations have been derived. Of course, Java is a Dutch colony, and it is from the capital of the islands, Batavia, that the major portion of these illustrations have been secured, the museum there being very full of artistic and archæological remains of the East India Islands, almost the last outpost of the widely extending Asiatic culture.

BILDERATLAS ZUR KUNST UND KULTURGESCHICHTE MITTEL-ASIENS, von A. VON LE COQ. 4to, pp. 107, illus. 255. (Berlin: Dietrich Reimer [Ernst Vohsen].) Marks 30.

Ethnological, archæological, and artistic, this useful picture atlas is divided into sections respectively dealing with costume, arms and painting, sculpture and architecture. The illustrations are mostly photographic, but there are some few wash and line drawings which do not convey their intention very successfully. The photographs are

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excellent reproductions of actual objects, mostly in the museums, some of them of page size—as the two Qyzil equestrian processional groups. They range in origin from Greece to Japan for comparative purposes, an instance being the widely distributed Ganymede culture which is illustrated from some half-dozen sources—a most interesting study. How greatly history depends on art becomes increasingly evident from an examination of these illustrations of man's handiwork throughout the ages. The atlas is useful because it provides a compendium of the results detailed in publications not generally available. These are cited in the list of authorities, a number of which are in English, the most important being the discoveries of Sir Aurel Stein in Chinese Turkestan, which occupy several volumes and deal with paintings, textiles, sculpture, and architecture in full detail. Such works as Sir Thomas Arnold's on Persian painting and R. A. Smith's on "The Stone Age in Chinese Turkestan" are noted, as well as the considerable contributions to Indian, Tibetan, and Chinese Buddhist lore of Albert Grünwedel and Paul Pelliot's work in Central Asia generally.

ART AND THE HOUSE

DAS HAUS EINES KUNSTFREUNDES. 4to, pp. xiv + 16, illus. 146. (Darmstadt: Verlagsanstalt Alexander Koch, G.M.B.H.) Linen. Marks 24.

This is the house that Koch built in order to express his delight in the arts which he has been fostering now for a number of years: modern art, for the most part German, and the modern crafts. The house of the art-lover means that Alexander Koch has sought to express his enthusiasm personally by means of the talents of his friends—the architects, painters, sculptors, makers of furniture, fixtures and textiles—with whom he has for long been associated. Of all those who have helped him to realize his ideal of the modern house in all its fullness of expression, he gives a full account in this handsome book—a memorial of his period from which no one of the craftsmen employed has been omitted. The whole is summed up in an appreciation of some pages by Kuno Graf von Hardenburg, who does full justice to the scheme and to the spirit of its originator. The illustrations are numerous, excellently reproduced, and fourteen are in colour, one of which—Maurice de Vlaminck's "Roses"—is here given. Many of the best modern painters are represented, including de Vlaminck, Pechstein, and Karl Hofer. The sculpture is not all modern, for the indispensable Chinese has been incorporated in the scheme. The work of modern masters of plastic has been commandeered both structurally and decoratively, and this applies also to the ceramics. Stoves, figures, and usable pottery have all been specially designed and made for this House of Art, consistent from its heating apparatus in the basement to the last detail of its portico and roof.

SYMBOLISM FOR ARTISTS, by H. T. BAILEY and ETHEL POOL. Small 8vo, pp. 247. Illus. Cloth. (U.S.A., Worcester, Mass.: The Davis Press.)

The Director of the Cleveland School of Art and the Instructor in Symbolism in Trinity Cathedral, Cleveland, have combined their two potent forces and produced a work which has been wanted for years, and produced it in a very handy form. The bulk of its pages consist of a dictionary of symbols from prehistoric to the Young Men's Christian Association and American University

colours; the illustrations range from China to the Russell Sage Foundation Social Maps. The subject is covered; but from the implication conveyed by the book's authors it can never be completely covered, for new symbols emerge every day. All artists and writers will be very grateful for this new edition of a work first published three years ago. It is not surprising that it should need to be reissued so soon, for it is a great idea admirably carried through.

DIE RENAISSANCE, von ARTHUR VON GOBINEAU. Pp. 401. Illus.

DIE GÖTTLICHE KOMÖDIE, von DANTE. Pp. 540. Illus. Cr. 8vo. (Berlin: Verlag von Th. Knaur Nachf.) Marks 3.

These two very charming volumes are additions to the publisher's series of which Burckhardt's "Die Kultur der Renaissance in Italien," recently noticed here, belongs, and are bound in the same style. Gobineau's work, translated by Robert von Voss, is illustrated by portraits of Savonarola, Cesare Borgia, Pope Alexander VI, Pope Julius II, Raphael, Pope Leo X, Michelangelo, and Lucrezia Borgia. It is with these personages that these dramatic, historical scenes are concerned, and the places are Milan, Florence, Rome, Venice, Bologna, and some smaller towns. A living picture of the lavish, spacious times is conveyed in these dialogues. Dante is illustrated by a portrait and seven of Gustav Doré's well-known woodcuts, and is supplied with 100 pages of notes and a register of names and places. The volumes are very pleasant to hold and read.

PORTFOLIOS AND PERIODICALS

LES ALBUMS D'ART DRUET. Text pp. 8, plates (9½ by 12 in.) 24. 1. CÉZANNE, par JOACHIM GASQUET; 2. VAN GOGH, par WALDEMAR GEORGE; 3. DELACROIX, par GABRIEL MOUREY; 6. DEGAS, par FRANÇOIS FOSCA; 7. CLAUDE MONET, par FLORENT FELS; 8. COURBET, par ANDRÉ FONTAINAS; 10. SEURAT, par WALDEMAR GEORGE; 11. LAUTREC, par FRANÇOIS FOSCA. (Paris: Librairie de France. 110 Boulevard Saint-Germain.) Francs 30 each.

An adequate estimate of the style of the respective artists is to be obtained from the beautiful phototypes in these albums. Representative works only are given, and for the most part they are pictures or drawings of importance from the earliest to the latest. Thus it is possible, by comparing for instance those of Cézanne, to trace the astonishing advance made into modernity and, by placing some of his pictures by the side of some of those of Delacroix, to distinguish the change from the potency of the last of the great classicists to the freedom of naturalism—a naturalism, however, guarded at first from excess by the older principles. In the case of Van Gogh an entirely new individuality of style soon emerges, and it is interesting to note the struggles of his brush in search of its technique and its final triumph in vibratory luminism. Monet's impressionism, as well illustrated in the album devoted to him, is seen to be, when compared with Van Gogh's triumph, a tentative exercise in light research which was faintly adumbrated by Courbet's studies *en plein air*, though but little in his vigorous nude studies—which are very welcome, derivative as they are—for they are not so often available.

The action of light on matter was of less interest to Degas than the movement of the living organism. Painting throughout the modern period of development, he derived little while he gave much. Here, in the Degas album, may be seen figure work which surpasses anything of Courbet's

Book Reviews



ROSES : STILL-LIFE PAINTING

By Maurice de Vlaminck

From *Das Haus eines Kunstfreundes* (Alexander Koch)

—work which is better than that of Renoir in that artist's particular sphere. There is the essence of living movement in the nudes and the ballet girls and the horses. Thirty years younger, and dying before him, Toulouse-Lautrec devoted a talent for movement, only less fine than that of Degas, to even gayer expressions of life: those of the café, the music and dance hall, not forgetting the race-course. It remained for Seurat to experiment once more with light and in his *pointillisme* to use a mode of expression which becomes a little tiresome, as though the

same experiment oft repeated became over-assured of the expected result. But Seurat applied his system widely—to landscape and seascape, to the figure and the nude and to portraiture, so that it never ceases to interest, and the album contains a good selection of his best pieces. It might add to the interest of the texts if the years of birth and death of the artists were given under the titles. The French, like the English, are very shy of precise information. Not so the German, to whom one has to apply for a succinct statement of facts.

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DEUTSCHE KUNST UND DEKORATION. 4to, pp. 88 and supplement. Illus. 81 and 8 plates. (Darmstadt: Alexander Koch.) Marks 3.

Although primarily concerned with German art and decoration, "Deutsche Kunst," as exemplified in the first number of its new volume, contains articles on Austrian, Swiss, and French arts and crafts. What modern German painting is like may be seen from the illustrations of the New Secession Exhibition at Munich and those of Wilhelm Schmid of Berlin; the curious paintings of Cuno Amiet exhibit one phase of Swiss art; ceramic is represented by the terra-cotta and glazed figures of Mika Mikoun of Paris and Dina Kuhn of Vienna, and larger plastic art by three figure memorials by prominent German sculptors. Furniture, textiles, and leatherwork are illustrated, and architecture is represented by some interior designs for a house by Bruno Paul of Berlin. The October issue of "Deutsche Kunst" commences the thirty-second year of its existence. It contains two colour plates by Utrillo and Lichtenberger.

DIE KUNST. Thirtieth Year, No. 1. 8vo, pp. 80. (Munich: F. Bruckmann.) Marks 2.

With the October issue "Die Kunst" enters on its thirtieth year. It has consistently pursued a high policy in dealing with architecture, sculpture and painting, house furniture, the garden and the crafts. Its illustrations are of the best. This number contains as frontispiece an engaging landscape in colour by Van Gogh and another by Magnasco. There are many full-page illustrations of landscape, houses and sculpture, and a large number of smaller ones. The leading article is an account of the painter Gustav Klimt, recently dead; and a sculpture article is concerned with the quaint but compelling work of Adam Antes. A shorter one is concerned with Charles Despiau, and has three full-page illustrations of this distinguished French sculptor's busts of women.

OUD HOLLAND. Bi-monthly. 4to, pp. 48. Illus. (Amsterdam: J. H. de Bussy.) Ann. sub., 24 florins.

Printed partly in Dutch and partly in German, with a résumé in English to each article, this old-established magazine deals with the arts and crafts of the Netherlands

of the past. The current issue is concerned with two altar wings of Anthonie Blocklandt and with some discoveries of old pottery in Amsterdam, the illustrations of which indicate design of an advanced character. Hans Kauffmann continues his survey of recent literature about Dutch art. In view of the Dutch Exhibition next January at Burlington House, "Oud Holland" ought to have a special interest in England just now.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MANON LESCAUT. Translated from the French of the ABBÉ PRÉVOST by D. C. MOYLAN. Illustrated by ALASTAIR. Edition limited to 1,850 copies. (John Lane, The Bodley Head, Ltd.) Price 2 guineas.

DACIA: AN OUTLINE OF THE EARLY CIVILIZATIONS OF THE CARPATHO-DANUBIAN COUNTRIES. By VASILE PÂRVAN. (Cambridge University Press.) Price 7s. 6d.

COLLECTING ANTIQUES. By WILLIAM G. MENZIES. (John Lane, The Bodley Head, Ltd.) Price 25s. net.

HOW TO MAKE LAMPSHADES. By RUTH COLLINS ALLEN and CURTISS SPRAGUE. (John Lane, The Bodley Head, Ltd.) Price 5s. net.

CANDIDE AND OTHER ROMANCES BY VOLTAIRE. Illustrated by NORMAN TEALBY. (John Lane, The Bodley Head, Ltd.) Price 21s.

THE HEROES, OR GREEK FAIRY TALES. By CHARLES KINGSLEY. Illustrated by H. M. BROCK. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd.) Price 6s. net.

THE WELL OF SAINT CLARE. By ANATOLE FRANCE. Illustrations and decorations by FRANK C. PAPÉ. (John Lane, The Bodley Head, Ltd.) Price 16s.

MOUSSORGSKY'S BORIS GODOUNOV AND ITS NEW VERSION. By VICTOR BELAIEV. (Humphrey Milford, The Oxford University Press.) Price 4s.

RARE BOOKS

We have received from Messrs. W. and G. Foyle, Ltd., 119 Charing Cross Road, W.C.2, a copy of their autumn catalogue of old and rare books. Readers of APOLLO desirous of information concerning special books would be well advised to write to Messrs. Foyle, who promise their services in the search for scarce books without additional cost.

LETTER FROM PARIS

By ANDRÉ SALMON

I COULD relate some amusing, spicy, and edifying anecdotes about the painters working in the fields or at the seaside, *sur le motif* according to the example of Cézanne, or bringing back to the studio a crop of rough sketches or "preparations" according to the lessons given by André Derain and Kisling. I have certainly made a good provision of these anecdotes. But the occasion is too good for the scrupulous critic not to enter the winter season with a firm tread. It is a moment that is worth fixing in print.

The first to return from the luminous South, where his friends the painters still linger, to the already foggy North with its galleries, its libraries, its studies and its never-stopping Press, the diligent critic finds his stove, his spectacles, his magnifying glass, and, with an artistic scarf

round his neck, the eternal Daumier in an ephemeral setting of Americanism; he makes sure, first of all, that everything of the previous season has been liquidated, that nothing will retard the birth and flight of words conserved with actuality.

That consists of emptying drawers and boxes of innumerable catalogues of exhibitions that had to be neglected because our life is too full, being so short. There are exhibitions that were not seen, and others that there was not time to review.

However, this is not the method of division adopted by the secretary, to whom the important critic abandons with a single gesture this whole pile of catalogues, this pile of dead leaves which were once so many palpitating things, this pile of regrets!

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Letter from Paris

The secretary carefully files all those catalogues which might be of value tomorrow as historical documents. It is necessary to prepare for the old age of the critic; to lay in a store for the time when, definitely withdrawn from all daring activity, unable to treat of "living art" without indecency—even though he was the inventor of that happy expression—he will have to confine himself to the writing of memoirs and the compilation of encyclopædic articles.

Of the other catalogues the secretary makes a little fire that serves to light the first log.

This happens every year, a spectacle that can be renewed only by the youth and the quality of the secretary—a young poet for whom the Luciferian Picasso is nothing but an old gentleman and Guillaume Apollinaire a solar myth, a chartist ready to reduce heaven and hell to a catalogue or a frail typewriter of the worst ambitious kind.

Filed and burnt—everything is done. We are up to time; that is, on returning from our first Parisian saunter, we are sitting with only six catalogues before us. But what is the good of being up to time? One does not even profit by it, and suffers instead from the opposite embarrassment, because soon it will be necessary to exercise severe selection when the material is not yet overflowing.

Before taking the road to the exhibitions, I want to say a word of an event which may be of some importance at a time when we are assisting at, shall I say, a fairly vigorous revival of architecture, not to speak too soon of a renaissance.

Not long ago I spoke about statesmen who were also men of taste and enlightened protectors of the arts. So far, nothing has warranted the inclusion of M. Paul Painlevé, Minister of War, among them. We looked upon him confidently as a famous mathematician sufficiently obsessed by the integral and differential calculus to account for his celebrated recreations. But we did not know M. Painlevé as an aesthete. He has now made us blush for our ignorance in the best possible manner.

I am very curious to know what sort of stupor took possession of the austere polytechnicians, officers of the district engineering corps, lovers of angles and white-washed walls emphasized by false panelling, figured with a thick layer of coal tar, when they received, about a month ago, the following Ministerial circular: "The buildings erected by the military engineers must be of good taste, worthy of contributing to the education of the nation; which is in no way contrary to the robust simplicity suitable to military construction. There is art in simplicity, as in magnificence; the former is perhaps even the most difficult."

Are we returning to the great days of the Convention, when the citizen David personally designed the uniform of the students of the Ecole de Mars? At that time the revolutionary spirit fanned even the flame of art which was, like everything else, at the service of the nation. But as yet there was no violent rupture. The military always had before their eyes good examples of artistic barracks.

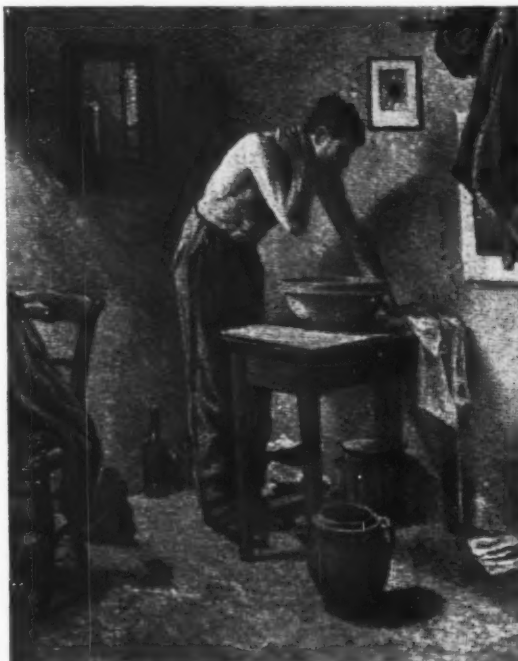
The Invalides and Gabriel's Ecole Militaire have come down to us, but flanked by innumerable buildings due precisely to the substitution of engineers for architects, military men for artists.

In the provinces Vauban has left some magnificent monuments. Nothing is finer than the fort at Neuen-Brisach on the Rhine, where our light infantrymen are heroically boring themselves.

Will the military engineers offer excuses for not being artists? Will they appeal to the artists? Will Le

Corbusier and Jeanneret—who only just failed to get the commission for that Temple of Peace the League of Nations Palace at Geneva—become contractors for the Ministry of War? Or will it be André Mare, the architect and painter?—André Mare, who has been by turns the builder of most of the fine commercial façades in Paris, examples of "art in its simplicity," and one of the few modern artists who has given us ample visions of the Great War.

Military architecture has failed just at the moment when it was necessary to abandon the system of Vauban. The terrace already appears in fortifications, and for the rest it is only necessary to bring the barracks quickly into



LA TOILETTE

By Maximilien Luce

line with the shops in order to house the greatest number of men and the largest amount of munitions.

The time has come when the military builders are not even capable of succeeding in those inscriptions in gilt capitals which gave so much dignity to the martial thresholds—*Hôtel de l'Artillerie*, *Etat-Major de la Place*, etc.

It is striking that Painlevé's circular should coincide with the reduction of the effective force after the victory. If the young polytechnicians are asked to take this well in, perhaps they will provide elegant buildings for units that are no longer monstrous. But it is a pity that M. Painlevé did not issue his circular a little sooner, so that it might have been pondered over by a famous civilian, winner of the Prix de Rome, M. Lemaesquier, to whom we owe the most redoubtable, the least modern of the military *cercles*, in a heavy palatial style, erected on the site of the old barracks of La Pépinière, Place St. Augustin.

The Painlevé circular reminded me of the debut of a fine French artist, Roger de la Fresnaye, who vanished all too soon as a consequence of the war and has now entered

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into glory. This was in 1912. La Fresnaye had just attracted attention in the "Indépendant" by being the first of the Fauves to introduce the military genre, not without some malice, though his *Cuirassier* and his *Artillerie* are to be reckoned among the most lasting works. I suggested that a wall in a military building, one of those dedicated to whitewash and coal-tar, should be lent to La Fresnaye for an essay in a vaster composition, in what Paul Verlaine smilingly called "le genre patriotique bien." I was looked upon as a bad Frenchman.

La Fresnaye is in his grave. However, if M. Painlevé wishes to have some great hall decorated, he will be sure of the co-operation of some excellent modern painters who, having seen it at close quarters, have already powerful interpretations of the war.

Besides André Mare there is Luc-Albert Moreau, who exhibited a pathetic picture of the trenches; Gromaire, who has felt like none other the analogies of the past and the present, of the helmeted machine-gunner, rigged out in leather, and the first arquebusier; Fernand Léger, the plastic poet of mechanism, who has shown practically nothing of his almost realistic images of the great display of the rear of the front; and Dunoyer de Segonzac, now at the height of his powers, once an officer of the camouflage, and who has collected the most vivid notes of life in the trenches. If the higher administration does not wish to advance too far in the direction of the so-called art of the "left," it could with advantage employ Bernard Naudin, whose engravings have thrown his paintings into the shade. No one can make flags flutter as well as he.

But let us hasten to the galleries. At Druet's there is the first one-man show of the young painter Leonide Berman, who has already drawn attention to himself in various galleries on the left bank. Leonide Berman belongs to the group I have called *l'Ecole de l'Hôtel Nautic*, an essentially juvenile group, of which Berman might well become the leader. The hotel in question is at Marseille, and if a number of young painters take up their abode there for so many weeks every year it is not on account of its comforts, but for the unique view that it offers over the Vieux-Port.

Leonide Berman, who is a marine painter, was unfaithful to Marseille only in order to pay fairly long visits to Italy. There he could not help devoting much of his time to the museums. I think I am not mistaken in suggesting that this might not have been very good for so young a painter of seascapes. He could not have deliberately neglected the many Italian marines of the second period, which, despite all the charm of certain masters, are examples of decadence.

The result is that Leonide Berman, who has come from Eastern Europe and owes everything to the discoveries of young French painting, shows a curious discord, like a paralysis of expression, just when he ought to be showing the freest development of his natural gifts.

It is a pleasure to see the subtle artist, who had the honour to inspire the poets of his generation, completely liberated from such vain servitude now. René Crevel's verses on Leonide Berman's boats are celebrated among our men of under thirty-five.

An attractive presentation of the works of Maximilien Luce is just closing at the Galerie d'Art of Montparnasse. When will this fine, but too much neglected painter, this hard-working old man, led by a faith of other days, be given the opportunity of an ampler display on the best walls in Paris?

I have but too many proofs! How many young foreign artists, who have taken their place in the ranks of the School of Paris with great elbow thrusts, greet Soutine sitting luxuriantly in his car, and take the good *père* Luce for an old workman returning from his factory, as he crosses the Boulevard Raspail on foot, without lingering at the fashionable cafés! It is not that the dear man detests cafés, but he has a horror of confusion.

If Maximilien Luce, a Parisian—a son of Parisians and a child of the people, who at the age of thirteen had filled his eyes with the bloody horrors of the vanquished Commune—had only been that "painter of the proletariat," which he had promised to be in a fit of candid enthusiasm, it would not have been much. Happily, the *père* Luce has better things with which to excite the imagination of the young, who have only sinned by their ignorance.

In 1876, the year when the jury of the Salon rejected Manet in order to give Carolus Duran the place of honour, the little Luce, an engraver's apprentice, learned the elements of painting under that proud master. But it was the impressionists who filled him with excitement.



SELF-PORTRAIT Maximilien Luce

Then Maximilien Luce enjoyed the great friendships of 1880, and with Paul Signac played a part in the great days of the foundation of the Indépendants—the statutes being drawn up by a lawyer for the occasion, the excellent amateur painter, Captain Dubois-Pillet, of the Garde Republicaine, which in no way offended the anarchism of Signac and Luce.

It was about the same time that Luce had the great pleasure of being in a way adopted by Camille Pissarro, whom he admired above all others.

But he was to experience another influence and cultivate another friendship, without having to renounce the first. Maximilien Luce, together with the faithful Signac, was a friend and disciple of Seurat's. This makes the indifference towards Luce of certain painters—who continue, though in a limited field, the teaching of Seurat—appear like cruel ingratitude. Indeed, Seurat was not only the inventor of the division of tones, inspired by the works on colour of the scientist Chevreul, which caused the Pierrot of the Montmartre draughtsman, Adolphe Willette, to cry: "Malediction! I will paint with confetti!" Seurat

Letter from Paris

remains the great director of all modern art, preparing the way even for cubism by the rigour of his construction, laying down his arms before Delacroix, hustled by Corot.

If Maximilien Luce had any illusions on the virtues of propaganda painting, which he thought revolutionary because it magnified the roughest instincts of a life of toil, painting has had its revenge upon him, by dominating the social refractory.

The young men, who are in too great a hurry to succeed, ought sometimes to meditate on these lines, taken from the sound study of the painter of the "Thames" and of the "Parcement de la Rue Réaumur" by Tabaraut: "The gregarious collectivity of man brings execration on the individual who isolates himself in his independence. He is held for a dangerous energumen. Organized servility, which Daumier identified with the spirit of the *garde-nationale*, is let loose upon him."

The revenge will not be a complete one for Luce, about whom those who make a financial business of art are beginning to be seriously concerned. The old painter, who really belongs to another age, has let so many canvases go that able people could have turned to the best account!

The Galerie Zivy, on the Avenue Montaigne at the beginning of the Champs-Élysées, presents the "First Exhibition of Young Art," founded by Richard J. Walker. The second exhibition will take place at Cannes from December 1 to 15, and the third from January 15 to 30, 1929, at the Palais des Beaux-Arts, Monte Carlo.

This is a pretty gesture of welcome on the part of the Galerie René Zivy. The paintings offered to us here come straight from the least illustrious studios of Montparnasse, which belong frankly neither to modern art, which has its laws, nor to academism. Is M. Sapochnikoff, who paints "Le Mal Enchaîné" in comparison to Odilon Redon, at least what Rollinat was to Baudelaire or the Belgian Ivan Gilkin to Rollinat? Does the Brazilian painter Joachim, who is an indiscreet disciple of Tarsila, know what Tarsila owes to Fernand Léger? But there are some

pleasantly spontaneous touches in a landscape by Sourdy; and on the whole M. René Zivy, whose aristocratic severity of choice is well known, was right to be generous. Let us hope that his guests of a moment will not conceive excessive pride and will not make themselves ridiculous by proclaiming "Henceforth we are modern painting."

New galleries are opening everywhere, and new names are appearing in the catalogues. At Blanche Guillot's, Rue de Seine, the glorious older painters may be seen rubbing shoulders with the youngest ones; and Marie Alix, the Catalan Creixams, André Derain, Dufresne, Raoul Dufy, Durey, Eberl, Favory, Frédéric, Gen Paul, Halicka, Jacquemot, Kisling, Krapil, Laclan, Maximilien Luce, Renoir, Signac, Soutine, Utrillo, Suzanne Valadon, Vlaminck, make a happy ensemble.

Our foreign guests enter the lists from the very beginning of the season, and sometimes with success—as, for example, Franz Esser, whose wash drawings of Paris at Ouvert la Nuit, the very fashionable studio on the island overlooking the Seine, deserve notice.

While I am concluding these lines the jury of the Salon d'Automne is preparing to determine the value and the fate of no fewer than four thousand canvases!

Among those which are spared this ordeal and this delay by the virtue of membership, I should like to mention the contributions of Edmond Céria, whose mastership they will confirm. The success of Céria is growing day by day. His canvases have done more than the best posters for the little corner of Provence where he has his summer studio, and which all the collectors of Céria now visit.

In the days of our youth two *guitares* delighted our little world of unknown dreamers, the *guitare* of Bernard Naudin and Céria's. Was Naudin, who pressed the chords firmly, the more learned? Céria's *guitare* was rent with pathos! Céria pretended scarcely to know anything about music, yet he possessed all the science. It is the same with his landscapes of today—apparently unrestrained, but full of internal solidity.

LETTER FROM BERLIN

By OSCAR BIE

ARCHITECTURE holds a leading position at the beginning of the winter season. She alone has definitely found the modern style. Berlin will soon possess a series of buildings that typify the age. Of course, the instances of retrogression must not be forgotten. It is still possible for colossal premises—like the recently opened "Haus Vaterland" (if it continues in the present way it will have two-and-a-half million visitors in the course of a year)—to be erected, and a vast fortune to be spent on the repetition of an antiquated masquerade of styles. The staircase with an aluminium roof is perhaps tolerable, but the series of national dining-rooms—Hungarian, Oriental, Wild Western, Spanish, Grinzing with a view over the Danube, Bavarian with a view on to the Eibsee, a Rhine terrace with a view of the river; with hills, an illuminated ship, running railways, in some cases rain, thunder, and lightning, everything animated with waiters and dancers in costume; and, finally, the great modern dance hall itself, glittering in faceted palm mirrors—all this is a concession, a popular affair, without a trace of an

education in modern art. It is a pity. In the evening, sitting in the new cinema that Erich Mendelssohn has built on the Lehninerplatz, one feels the difference. Horseshoe shaped even outside, dark violet in colour like the brickwork of Amsterdam, divided into shops and offices, it has three cubic towers rising up and serving for ventilation, for the display of luminous signs, for the iron curtain, and for the side stages. The wonderful auditorium holding 1,300 spectators is decorated in light colours, with entirely concealed lighting breathing movement and rhythm; the corridors are elegant in line, the roof is spanned by longitudinal beams, the panelling is in mahogany, the organ pipes of this finest and largest of cinema organs are covered with horizontal ribs. This is modern art which does not imitate superseded styles, but develops space and its function. Next door, Mendelssohn is building the Comedian's Cabaret, similarly constructed, but round, more colourful, with revolving chairs, as it is to be half a restaurant and half a stage, and the visitor is greeted by Trier's caricatures. Everybody is working to make the

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modern style popular. The Co-operative Company for Employees' Homes, called Gagfah, has opened an exhibition of a settlement in the Fischthalgrund of Zehlendorf, where we may see the comfortable homes of today in the most varied examples. Tessenow is the principal architect, Poelzig also takes part in the scheme, and Gropius is building near by; there are some splendid models, without colour, and all with steep roofs. It is remarkable that these buildings have been erected close to another settlement, already existing, and also the work of the best modern architects, but full of colour and with flat roofs. A violent



THE PHILOSOPHER

By Rudolf Wilke

dispute arose between the partisans of the steep roof and those of the flat roof. Can a solution be found? The flat roof corresponds to the modern sense of space; the steep roof is better suited to the landscape and is more practical. The question will have to be determined afresh for each case. But obviously something is up, and too much is made of it.

Painting is quieter. There are two large exhibitions that are characteristic. One deals with humour in art and has been arranged by the "Neue Kunsthandlung" in the Secession Galleries; so it is historical with a smattering of the feuilleton. But it is very instructive to follow the humorous element through history in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, and see how the subject-matter has shown itself in drawing and painting. The earlier period knows humour only as subject, as realistic genre in the representation of funny things, without any satirical exaggeration. This we see in the art of Schwind, of Spitzweg, and, above all, of Hosemann, who had the most

delicate hand for rendering the comedy of life, and down to Menzel. The illustrations of the so-called manners of speech, that is to say, Berlin expressions in jargon and wit, belong here as a Berlin group among which Doerbeck, from the Baltic region, plays the most important part. The new era begins with Wilhelm Busch, polemics and persiflage grow sharper, more personally aggressive, the exaggerations more intentional, and the manner of drawing takes its style from the caricature. Oberländer makes his appearance, the Fliegende Blätter spread the taste for satire, and simplism carries it across into the modern style with all the passion of social mockery in material and in line. Thomas Theodor Heine is the stylist, Wilke the most brilliant draughtsman among them, Gulbrausenn the sharpest characterizer. The present day shows a wealth of talent—Trier, who sees the world as a toy; Georges Grosz with his counter-rhythm of planes; Dix with the dullness of matter; and last, but not least, Zille, with his proletarian eye, which sees and ridicules the affairs of this world in frog-perspective from below.

The second exhibition is that of the "Jurifreien," in the Moabites Glaspalast. Their leader, Sand-Kuhl, an excellent painter of long-proved quality, opens the way for all the tendencies and desires that are formed in the quiet studios and struggle for air. Everything is represented—the new objectivity, the exaggeration of heads, the directness of colour, the toning of the planes, the last magic of impressionism, the dotted technique, the temperament of form; only pure cubism and expressionism are dying out. One sees more or less successful imitations of the great models—Kokoschka, Hofer, Kirchner, Nolde, as well as Van Gogh and a little Matisse. The provinces have contributed almost more stimulating work than Berlin. The painters of Düsseldorf are particularly well represented. The works of each painter are hung together, which makes it easier to appreciate definite personalities like that of the pictorial Bissier of Freiburg, the fantastic Campendonk of Düsseldorf, and Max Ernst, who treats even religious subjects in the new acrobatic style; Karl Volker of Halle, with his cold materialism, seen in admirable crowds on station stairs; Pudlich of Düsseldorf, with a series of musically gradated studies; and Adolf de Haer, who uses a good dotted method. Breinlinger of Berlin follows the style of Corinth; Paul Holz of Breslau is a pregnant draughtsman; Franz Frank of Dresden a good naturalist; Jackstadt of Berlin is a remarkable landscape painter in mosaic-like colours; Michelson follows the style of Kokoschka, and so forth. A group of young Moscow artists offers a surprise in showing that constructivism appears to be fairly extinct, and instead there are experiments in a confusion of smeared and sprinkled barbaric styles which, in the case of a certain Tyschler, take on the taste of a sort of wicker technique. Another Moscow artist, named Simon, has a special exhibition, but he is so restless in his colours and lines that it is difficult to recognize his profile. Another special exhibition of modern church windows is fairly important; Cesar Klein shows the strongest form here, and Erich Waske the finest colour, in spite of the mystical philosophy attached to his work. Besides these there is a room of sketches for modern churches, a welcome attempt to bring the requirements of the present day into this domain. And, finally, the architect Henning has built an entire little concert hall, oval in shape, panelled, in rhythmic proportions, with very good acoustics, an expression of sound in space. We have returned to

Letter from Berlin

the starting-point of our observations and hopes.

The Opera Unter den Linden is preparing the first production in Berlin of Richard Strauss's "Aegyptische Helena." On October 5 it will be given as a festival for the Union of German News Editors which will be holding a meeting here at that time. This will be followed on October 7 by the first public performance. There is great excitement to know how the work will be received here. Strauss himself will be present, Bleck will conduct, Maria Müller will sing Helena, and Laubenthal Menelas. Though much discussion has already arisen about the opera, the name of Strauss is still so glorious that a new production by him is an event under any circumstances. And however it may succeed, a work by Strauss always dominates the repertory for a time and seldom disappears entirely. Apart from his juvenile opera "Guntram," this fate has only befallen his ballet "Schlagobero." Statistics show us that during the last season, for example, Strauss was given 443 times, though that is a figure that cannot be compared with the still all-powerful Puccini, who had 966 performances.

The State Opera has even undertaken a new production of "Salome," which has been transferred from Unter den Linden to the Kroll Opera, where Zemlinsky produced it with a moderate setting, but otherwise in a very interesting performance. The new director of the Kroll Opera, Legal, who nevertheless continues to fill his post as manager at Cassel, showed himself to be a producer of unusual capacity. New life entered into "Salome." Already the entry of the soldiers according to the music, the development of the Jews ensemble swelling down from Herod's platform, the way Salome in her dance glides round the cistern of Johanaan, beside which she had already remained lying with lustful desire during her rest, and the way in which the struggle between Herod and Salome develops in space



THE MODELS

By Sand-Kuhl

right up to the footlights—all this was well thought out and done with a dramatic and rhythmic power not often seen on our operatic stage. Rose Pauly, as Salome, distinguished herself more in singing than in acting, and cannot be compared with Kemp as a dramatic experience; but Krenn, as Johanaan, showed passionate, clear-cut plasticity, and the experiment of presenting the operette singer Wirl, as Herod, justified itself, apart from certain exaggerations, by his remarkably realistic rendering, not ill-suited to this part.

I will return in this connection to the above-mentioned statistics of the last opera season which Wilhelm Altmann has meritoriously drawn up. He deals with the German opera companies which give continuous performances and amount to about a hundred. It is well known that the number is a wonder in the history of the theatre, and that no other country can offer even appropriate comparison in its demand for opera. If we call the operas written before 1900 older works, and those written since then newer, we will observe the remarkable fact that during the last season 141 older operas were given as against 93 of the period since 1900, to which 59 first productions must be added. The total number of the newer operas thus surpassed the older ones by eleven pieces. This could hardly be believed if it were not set down black on white. I will add a few other interesting figures. "Carmen" was given most of all—363 times. Then follows "Cavalleria," a long way behind; and if we do not go below 200 performances the following operas must be mentioned: "Pajazzi," "Tannhäuser," "Meistersinger," "Freischütz," "Rigoletto," "Trovatore," "The Magic Flute," "Tales of Hoffmann," "Lohengrin," "Figaro," "The Flying Dutchman," "Aida," "Zar und Zimmermann," "Traviata," and "Waffenschmied." The figures of some modern operas may be compared with these: "Jouny" 418, "Tiefland" 295, "Madame



SUNDAY RIDERS

By Hosemann

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Butterfly" 263, "Der Rosenkavalier" 240, "Bohème" 234, "Tosca" 233; then follows a sudden drop.

In this connection it will be interesting to see the figures of the composers during the last season. It is not true that Wagner's popularity is waning; he was given more than any other composer—1,576 times with twelve pieces. Verdi follows immediately, 1,513 times with thirteen works; then a long way behind, Lortzing and Mozart. Usually only one work of a composer has had a long run. Of sixty composers, thirty-nine have left only one work, out of all they have written, to posterity. The German operas only slightly outnumber the foreign ones. The Italians and French are equal in the numbers of composers, but the Italians have a greater number of works. The Handel revival is not as noticeable as one might have thought. Eleven of his works were given only 71 times. The Verdi revival is far more remarkable. Although "Falstaff" was given only 34 times (Weber's "Euryanthe" was done only three times), the newly-discovered "Macbeth" was given 17 times, the "Robbers" 11 times, "Luisa Miller" 24 times, but the greatest success was "La Forza del Destino," which reached 199 performances.

In this enthusiasm for Verdi it was decided to include his "Don Carlos" (which had often cropped up only to disappear again) definitely in the repertoire, and the Municipal Opera deserves credit for having given it new life with an excellent cast. It was an enormous success. The famous

Leipzig producer, Brugmann, had been invited for the occasion, but his interest was directed to the dramatic animation of the solos and dialogues rather than to a new arrangement of the groups. But, musically, there were some remarkable performances. The young conductor Sebastian revealed himself in the precise and, at the same time, sensitive and passionate development of the score, and in the formation of the ensembles as an artist of a very personal build. Kipnis made an excellent Philip, with a mask of speaking life, with overwhelming truth of expression, and his singing was remarkably beautiful both in cantilena and in tone. Eboli was sung by Onegin, who was perhaps a little heavy for the part but produced beauty of sound and vocal technique that no other living singer can equal. Dehmann was first-class as Don Carlos from the point of view of singing, and Jülich was charming and touching as Elizabeth. I scarcely believe that even the State Opera can bring together such an ensemble as the Municipal Opera on these fine evenings. Perhaps this cast will assist the popularity of "Don Carlos," a work that, apart from the wonderful third act, suffers undoubtedly from Verdi's attempt to replace the old aria type by a new art based on harmony, declamation, and lyrical expression which his later and riper works in this style represent. At that time it was called German. Now we know that it is pure Verdi in the highest sense of the astounding development of this genius.

ETCHINGS OF THE DAY

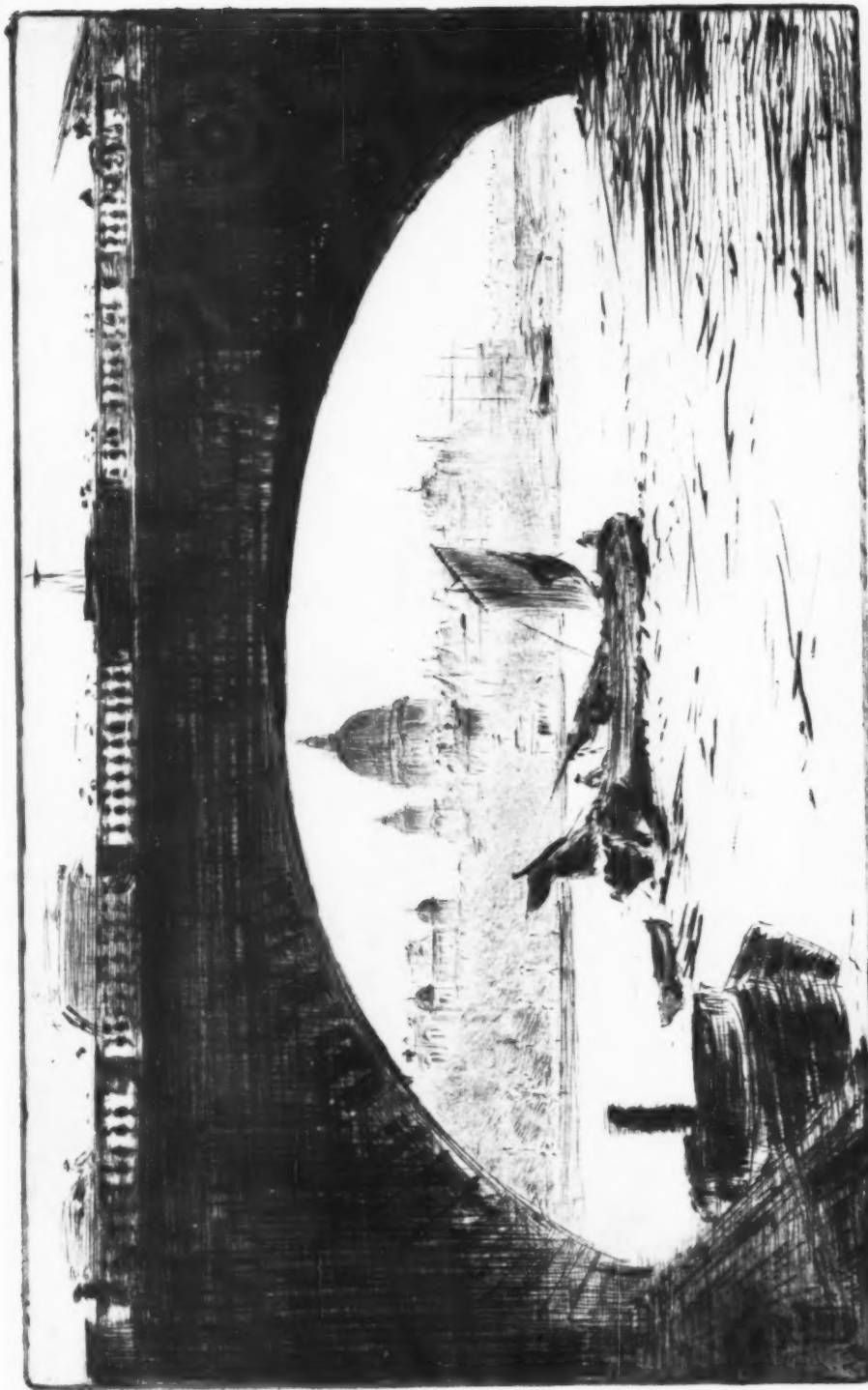


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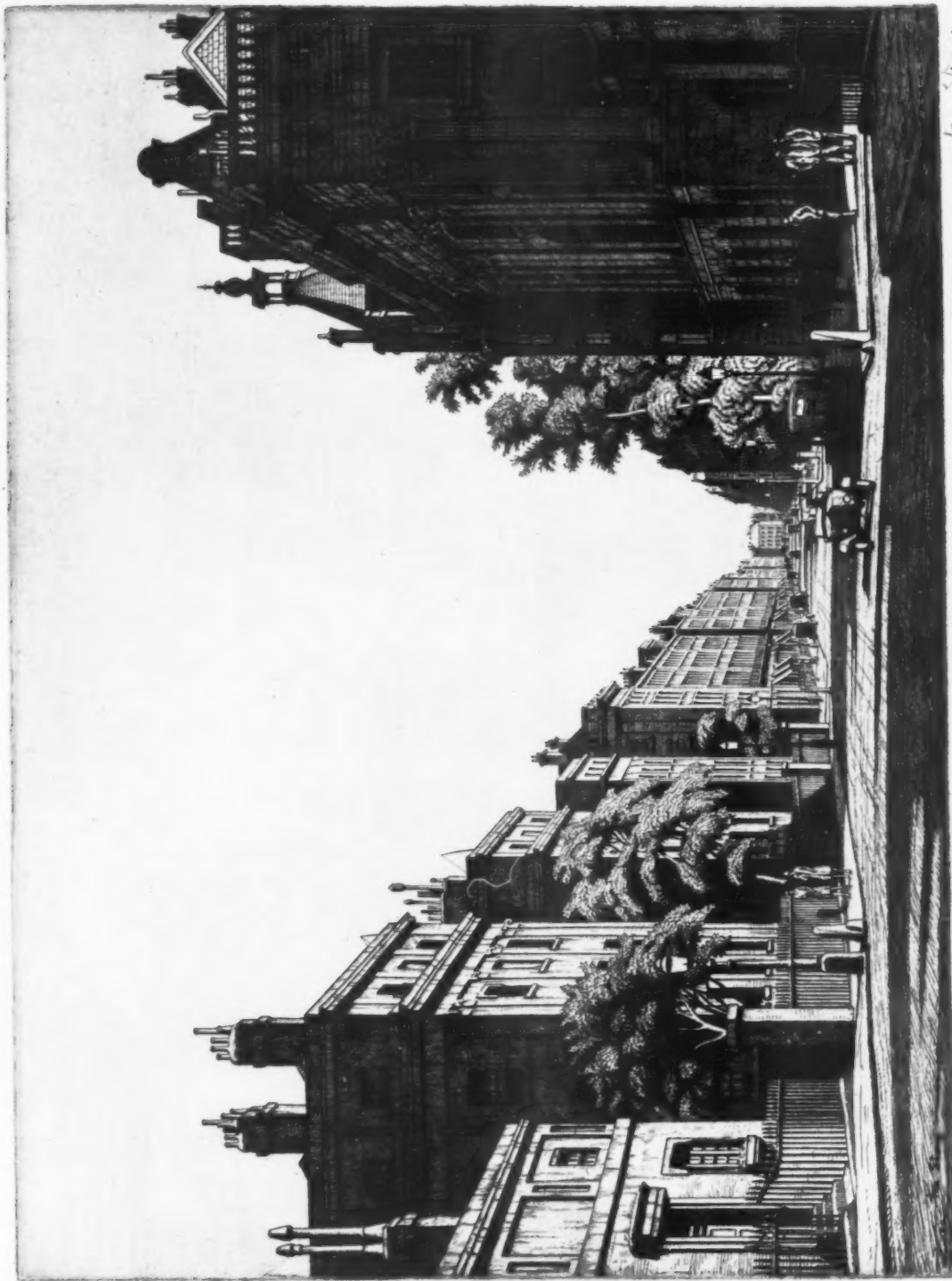


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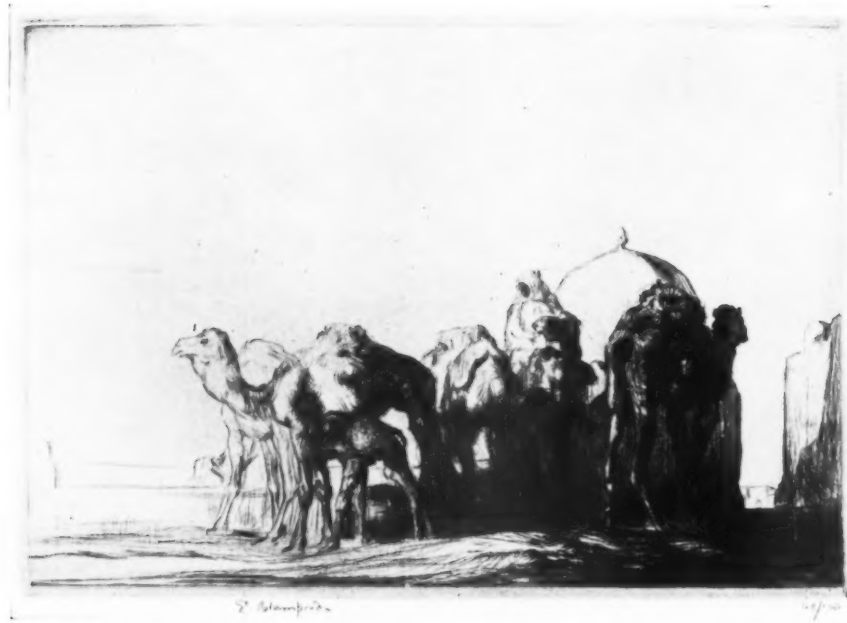
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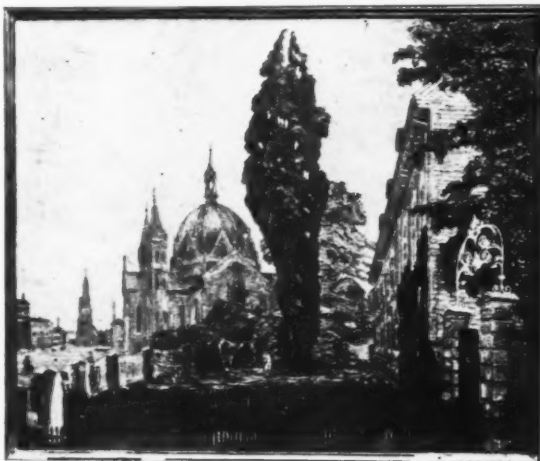
ART NEWS AND NOTES

By HERBERT FURST

EXHIBITION OF NORWEGIAN ART IN THE R.B.A. GALLERIES

Mr. Johan H. Langaard, in his preface to this exhibition arranged under the patronage of the Crown Prince of Sweden by the Anglo-Norse Society, expresses an apprehension "that this exhibition will, at first glance, strike the British public—accustomed as it is to a well-cared-for school of painting rich in tradition—as both surprising and incomprehensible." It is even at first glance neither so very surprising nor so incomprehensible as all that. Its main feature is its dependence upon impressionism. Now, impressionism has a good deal to answer for. It claimed, in the widest interpretation of the term, to render the impression made by Nature on the artist's physical eye. He was to render what he saw in Nature as he saw it. Yet the one thing he most certainly did not see in Nature he made most obvious in his paintings; that is to say, the brush or palette-knife marks. As a consequence, all impressionistic paintings have, whatever their other qualities may be, one conspicuous defect—at all events to the public. They show how they were done—a thing which Nature herself always leaves us to wonder at but never discloses. Norwegian art, as here seen, gives one, in so far as it is based on impressionism, necessarily that general look of *unfinished* which is inherent in the theory. Perhaps that was in the preface writer's mind when he speaks of our "well-cared-for" school of painting; for English art has, as a general rule, an appearance of care which makes it so despised by continental nations—it is, in the main, clean and tidy. If we except a few of the earlier paintings in this show—such as the little collection of Harriet Backer's pictures, Erik Werenskiöld's "Henrik Ibsen," Eilif Peterssen's "Portrait of a Lady," the late Christian Krohg's Lepage-like "Bath Tub"—such is not true of the others. They have nearly all that lack of surface finish which the very latest continental painters are trying to remedy, becoming in the attempt inadvertently English and Pre-Raphaelitish in precision and tidiness. Impressionism is inherently aloof and objective; it can have no interest in man or thing; it is solely concerned with light, tone, and colour. If man or thing happen to cause interesting or moving effects in this respect, *tant mieux*; if not, *tant pis*. But that attitude, though imposed upon this school of art by logic, is against human nature; certainly against Norwegian nature. Hence we find subject interest creeping in as in Christian Krohg's "Struggle for Life," Erik Werenskiöld's "The Fool"—by which is here meant a poor madman at whom street urchins point their fingers mockingly in the evening sun; hence also Norway's, so far, only great international painter Edward Munch, for Fritz Thaulow's international fame is less well founded. Without impressionism Munch would have been unthinkable; but he transcended it—used its theories and methods to his own ends, which arrived at reinstating the passionately warm human interest. His "Sick Child" (135) is intensely moving and of a kind of technique which makes it what it should be—an obedient servant. Equally

authentic are his portraits of Mr. Sandbey and Herr Schlittgen, the latter once famous as a kind of German Charles Dana Gibson. Add Munch's technique to the theory of impressionism and the rest of the exhibition becomes quite comprehensible—even to the incredibly "vulgar" but intensely amusing decorative panels for the Grand Hotel Restaurant at Oslo, painted by Per Krohg, whose refined "Two Women and a Man" shows that this vulgarity was only "put on." It is impossible to analyse all the interesting pictures here: suffice it to mention as, for different reasons, amongst the best—Aamodt's "Old Farm," Aurdal's "The Brook," Borchgrevink's "Studio Interior," Astri Heiberg's "Autumn," Christian Krohg's



A STREET IN OSLO

By A. C. Svarstad

"Sven Elvestad," Mohr's "Mountain," Oppegard's "Provincials and Smart People," Ström's "Fisher Children," Sörensen's "Torre Veli" and "Telemark," Dagfin Werenskiöld's "Peasant Family," and the only "Norse"-looking, but probably Klimt-inspired, picture, —Gerhard Munthe's "Cup of Oblivion."

Not having enjoyed the pleasure of a visit to Oslo, where the best of Norwegian is to be seen, as we were told, I rather suspect that the bias of the selectors has been more in favour of the older school of artists than of the revolutionary moderns.

THE LEICESTER GALLERIES: MISS DORA GORDINE'S SCULPTURE

Mr. Nevinson's exhibition is being dealt with at length elsewhere in this number, so I will not weary the patient reader with my somewhat varied impressions. Amongst the sculpture in the neighbouring room there is one unqualified masterpiece—the "Guadeloupe Head" (7). It is Miss Dora Gordine's work at its very best; and this

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is saying a great deal since, if this exhibition is representative, her worst—bust of "Miss Janet Vaughan" (9), for instance—is still good, and her average—"Chinese Head" (5), "Breton Head" (11), Javanese Dancer" (6)—excellent. Good, best, excellent, do not convey much; but to describe a work of art should be impossible unless the critic is a better artist than his victim. One of Miss Gordine's outstanding qualities is her feeling for textures, which she knows how to temper to her subject; another quality which lends distinction to her modelling is the disregard for inessentials; but she has a curious habit of pushing forward the dexter side (on the spectator's left) of her heads. It is, however, the insistence on essentials without lapsing into abstractions which raises her work above that of most of her contemporaries—even those of the male sex.

ARISTIDE MAILLOL AND ERIC GILL AT THE GOUPIL GALLERY

This is the first time Maillol has had an exhibition in London, though some of his small statuettes have been seen here before. That he is a great sculptor, and not merely a French æsthetic celebrity, this exhibition clearly demonstrates. He understands his craft, not as one who has learnt his job, but rather as a poet who uses his art to express his emotions. You cannot, however, do better than read Count Harry Kessler's singularly discriminating and enlightening Foreword, which really "explains" the artist in so far as that is possible and necessary for those who need explanations. Nevertheless, it is not necessary to accept the praise justly bestowed upon this outstanding artist without reservation. I cannot, for example, help resenting Maillol's studied neglect of the extremities, the hands and feet; his placing of "the artistic centre of gravity in the centre of the figure, in the pelvis, in the thighs, in the breast, in the back." Count Kessler identifies Maillol's "idea" with Plato's; but I do not remember that the Greek philosopher has written anything to prove that "the centre of the figure" is "the artistic centre of gravity." The head should count, and it is a pity that with Maillol, as with so many of the "Moderns" it doesn't. Further, I find it difficult to accept without question Maillol's woodcuts. Certainly they are calculated to secure "a harmony of line and tone between text and illustrations," but with modern processes of reproduction this could have been achieved with far less labour and greater effect by other means, since Maillol's actual cutting is not skilful.

Comparison of these woodcuts—they are evidently done with the knife—with the wood-engravings in the next room bears this out. Eric Gill is also a sculptor and not unworthy of his French contemporary. Whether his habit of using black in masses in his wood-engravings is as commendable as Maillol's "greyer" work may be open to doubt, but there is no doubt at all in my mind that his engraved line is infinitely more skilful and more suitable for the printed page of a modern book than Maillol's. Eric Gill's engravings on wood and copper here are delightful—the new ones for the "Canterbury Tales" especially; also the illustrations for "Art and Love," which, however, must be a severe strain on the tenets of his religion.

To come back to Maillol: the "Fragment du Monument à Blanqui," a truly magnificent torso; the strong, square

bronze head of the painter Terrus; the nude bronze figure of Gaston Colin, and the Tanagraesque statuette in bronze called "Jeune Femme" ought to find a permanent place in the Tate Gallery or the Victoria and Albert Museum.

ETCHINGS AND DRAWINGS BY GRAHAM SUTHERLAND AT THE TWENTY-ONE GALLERY

Mr. Graham Sutherland, whose etchings one appreciates as successful efforts to escape from the orthodox etching line, turns out to be more of a mannerism than one would have thought. His little watercolours have a kind of Palmeresque charm, but they mostly suggest preparations for etchings or wood-engravings in the Palmer technique, and the technique becomes monotonous. The watercolour drawing "The Old Cow Barn" (19) and the pastel "November" (23) have both more true feeling and, consequently, *raison d'être*; "Hanger Hill" (13), a water-colour drawing, is also pleasantly independent. Of the etchings, "Pecken Wood" (31) and "Number Forty-Nine" (27) are the most interesting. They have a truly romantic feeling; and why should romance, if it rings true, not be permitted?

MR. RAYMOND COXON'S FIRST EXHIBITION AT THE LONDON ARTISTS' ASSOCIATION

Mr. Raymond Coxon's painting are good examples of the good and the ill done by modern theories of art. His figures have weight and solidity, especially "The Model" (4) and the over-life-size "Nude" (11). His landscapes have rhythms and recession and a generally attractive design, notably "The Camp" (2), "Two Men in a Boat" (13), and "Village Street, Rudyard" (18), and his summary treatment of foliage indicates, one supposes, that he concentrates on essentials; but what are essentials? Is, for example, in "Playing Marbles" (12), the green marble, the head of the kneeling boy, or his knee "essential"? Actually the knee is the most essential part of the picture since it receives most light and keeps the design together. Nevertheless, since the picture is called "Playing Marbles," since all the elements of the design are plainly representational, since the figure in the foreground would allow one to study the expression of the face, were it expressed, the accent on the knee, however *æsthetically* important, is really worse than inessential; it is disturbing. But this kind of thing happens when students are taught to use "subject" only as a jumping-off ground, instead of making it the very pivot of the design.

So also in the "Village Street" (18) there is a galloping recession in the street itself aided by the lines of the delimiting walls, etc., but the cart, to say nothing of the horse, suggests neither actual nor potential movement. In colossal "Nude" (11) the body has weight and solidity, but the head is an anatomical and perspectival impossibility. I venture to suggest to the artist that if he were to reverse the process and make the subject the aim and the design the means of reading it he, with his undoubted talent, would really become an artist. The advice, however, is difficult to follow, because ultimately to the real artist form and expression are one, and an apparent schism between the two means a fundamental uncertainty in the artist's mind. As this is Mr. Coxon's first exhibition, and he is still quite young, he may change his view-point. The white horse in "The Camp" (2) suggests this possibility.

Art News and Notes



MISS BABA BEATON AS THE DUCHESS OF MALFI

By Cecil Beaton

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THE WORK OF THE ANIMAL PAINTER, JACQUES NAM, AT THE FINE ART SOCIETY

Monsieur Jacques Nam is clever. He understands animals—up to a point; he knows how to render their characteristics, again up to a point; he has a sense of decoration—once more up to a point, and lastly, knows, with the same qualification, how to use his material. When the material is really characterless, lends itself to all manner of manipulation, and depends for its effect entirely on the quality of the artist, as is the case with oils, the points beyond which Monsieur Nam cannot go become more apparent. However, he possesses the kind of talent which is sure to be applauded by a large section of the public. Monsieur Nam is clever—a fatal epithet for an artist.

DRAWINGS OF SPAIN BY KEITH MURRAY AT THE LEFÈVRE GALLERIES

Mr. Keith Murray is, I understand, a young architect. The latter fact could be deduced without difficulty from his drawings; the former, his youth, hardly, because his technique is not "modern" and, moreover, suggests a very practised hand. It is impossible not to praise his work, which shows the architect's love of buildings without the usual diagrammatical aloofness or geometrical frigidity.

MODERN BRITISH PAINTINGS AT MESSRS. COLNAGHI'S GALLERIES

This exhibition reminds one of certain hotels who pride themselves upon their *cuisine recherchée* and the fact that they have "no music"; in other words, all the pictures here, or nearly all, are well done and in good taste, and none of them rely on "jazz" or other irrelevancies. A novice desiring to start a collection of good modern work might make an excellent beginning here. Not all the paintings are of recent date. Sir William Orpen's "Job" must be a good many years old, and it is far from being any the worse for it; Mr. Gerald Brockhurst's three contributions were done several years ago: the "Boy of Amberley," a very fine piece of work before "L'Eventail," in which latter the artist was manifestly not in his element—perhaps the scale put him out. Mr. Kelly's "Burmese Girl" is also an older work, and has stood the test of time well. Irrespective of any questions of date the following may perhaps be singled out as especially covetable: Sir Charles Holmes's "Roches Moutonnées," and the (for him a little unusual) "Little Waterfall"; Miss Trench's "Fonta at Garda"; Mr. Gwynne Jones's lovely little "Blue Day, Connemara"; Mr. James Wilkie's "Farm in Essex"; Mr. Charles Cundall's "La Passerelle, Bordeaux"; and Mr. Algernon Newton's two "Regency" paintings, "Sunset, Hove" and "Portland Place."

OLD MASTER ENGRAVINGS

An important sale will take place on November 15 and 16, at Leipzig, of the collection of prints made by Friedrich Augustus II of Saxony. The Netherlands masters of graphic of the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries form the principal items. Rembrandt and Lucas van Leyden are well represented. Albert Dürer prints in fine condition will be offered, and a special feature is a number of prints of decorative subjects. A most useful 128-page catalogue of the 1,200 items offered, with 80 fine heliogravure illustrations, may be obtained from C. G. Boerner, 26 Universitätsstrasse, Leipzig.

OSSIP ZADKINE'S SCULPTURE AT MESSRS. TOOTH'S GALLERY

Messrs. Tooth's Modern Art Department, under the able management of Mr. Ralph Keene, is rapidly becoming one of the foremost London galleries in which extremists of all nationalities are introduced to the British public.



HEAD OF A BOY By O. Zadkine
(At Messrs. Tooth's Galleries)

Next month they will be showing the work of the Russo-Anglo-French sculptor, Ossip Zadkine. Zadkine was born in Russia some thirty-four years ago, came to England as a child, and, as early as 1912, showed some work at Mr. Frank Rutter's group of "Allied Artists" in the Albert Hall. His work is for the most part experimental and abstract. Whether it possesses more permanent qualities the forthcoming exhibition should prove.

KARL KOTÁSZ'S PAINTINGS AT THE ABBEY GALLERY

The Hungarian painter, Karl Kotász, is manifestly a very distinguished artist. Born in very poor circumstances, handicapped from childhood by ill-health, he has fought hard and passionately for self-expression and mastery—and has won through. He has passed through several phases, one during which his black-and-white work had a curiously English aspect—it might have come from the Walter Crane circle—but the influences which helped him ultimately to find himself are of a very different calibre. Kotász is in no sense an imitator, on the contrary his palette-knife technique is quite personal; but one can see that he has modified his study of Nature, of which his "Self-portrait" is an outstanding example, under the influence of such different teachers as Rembrandt and Watteau, Mancini and Ostade, Goya and Monticelli. Whilst one cannot

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NO living artist has such a mastery over glass as René Lalique, and nowhere will you find such a magnificent array of his work as at Breves Lalique Galleries. Walking through these rooms is like wandering in some enchanted palace. Glass in a hundred lovely forms sparkles and glows on the tables and walls; and from the ceilings hang great and richly decorated bowls which give lighting effects of entrancing beauty. In opal centre-dishes syrens gleam faintly under the misty glass, and on green vases the quaint figures of carp are moulded with air bubbles streaming from their mouths. There are slim scent bottles and massive plaques, simple table glasses and gorgeous friezes, every specimen stamped with the mark of Lalique's far-ranging genius. Here is a very treasure house from which to choose some beautiful object for your own.

The illuminated Firebird Screen is a characteristic example of Lalique's art. The light, with source concealed in the base, clothes the figure with a mystic beauty. The smaller pieces are typical of Lalique's amazing versatility.

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help thinking of these painters in presence of his work, one realizes that he is not a copyist. He has more dynamic force and movement, a sometimes saturnine passion, and, at other times, an apocalyptic vision. He has as much feeling for brilliant, clear atmosphere as for mystic gloom. He delights in depicting rapid movement, be it that of skirts in a peasant dance, or of rattling wheels and galloping horses, or storm-swept trees. Capable of strong and accurate draughtsmanship as seen in the already mentioned "Self-portrait," and painting from Nature as in the very excellent "Portrait of a Peasant Girl," he is seen at his best and most individual in the landscapes and peasant subjects

Brussels), and gold and silver work; sculpture (Italian, Flemish, French, fifteenth to eighteenth centuries), including works by Duquesnoy, Quellinus, Houdon, etc.; and finally paintings (Italian, Dutch, Flemish, and German, fifteenth to eighteenth centuries), including paintings by Cima, Boucher, Greuze, Maes, etc.

Although the principal art treasures of the Hermitage have not been touched, the wealth of works of art is so great that this auction will embrace—especially as regards furniture, tapestries, silver-work, snuff-boxes—examples of outstanding merit. Amongst the pictures, the Greuzes and the Bouchers are especially notable.



LANDSCAPE WITH GEESE

(At the Abbey Gallery)

By Karl Kotász

painted from memory. His palette-knife manipulations give his pictures a characteristic "texture" from which the subject gradually detaches itself by means of rhythmic design, tone relations, and colour accents.

FORTHCOMING SALE

Messrs. Rudolf Lepke's Kunst Auctions Haus have sent us a magnificent catalogue of their sensational forthcoming sale of art treasures from the Hermitage Museum and other Leningrad palaces formerly owned by the Imperial Family of Russia, and which are now being sold by order of the Government of the Soviet Republic. The sale will occupy five days, beginning Friday, November 2, and ending Wednesday, November 7.

It will include furniture (Röntgen, Schwerdtfeger, etc.), bronzes (Italian and French sixteenth to nineteenth centuries), tapestries (Gobelins, Beauvais, Aubusson,

MAILLOL

No great sculptor has been more assiduous in his research into form than Aristide Maillol; none has so triumphantly superseded matter as Maillol in his great torso, cast in lead, of the figure known as "L'Action Enchaînée," now forming a part of the Monument de Blanqui. It is colossal; it is compelling; it is compact of all the plastic virtues. It demonstrates once and for all its maker's supreme gift of plastic expression. Maillol has experimented in woolwork because he thought it plastic, which painting as he then practised is not. In a tapestry *à la Gobelins* he could, with the wools he prepared himself with natural dyes, get what he could not secure with pigments. He became a potter, making vases as well as figures, glazing them in his own kiln so as to secure the colours he wanted; he has made many clay figures, like the Tanagra figures, which he has baked in his own oven, his figure-modelling having begun when he was a

Art News and Notes



FLORA

(At the Goupil Gallery)

By Maillol

student at Perpignan—all plastic, but he did not stop at this form of research; he carved, and among others there are the lovely "Baigneuse" in wood, and "Woman's Head" in stone to witness to the quality of his carving. But his carving is not true glyptic, for the simple reason that his spirit expresses itself at its fullest and finest in plastic. He needs the direct tactile contact in order to achieve full expression. His terra-cotta and ceramic figures achieved this with absolute directness; he takes care that his bronzes take the impress of his hands without more interference of others than is absolutely compulsory in a reproductive process.

Much has been written about Maillol; many photographs of his sculpture have been sold and reproduced;

a case of his statuettes was exhibited at the Leicester Galleries in 1919, but no considerable works of his have been exhibited in London until the show at the Goupil Gallery in October. Seventeen pieces in bronze and lead cannot be representative, however welcome. Four works of the greatest importance—the lead torso already mentioned; another, the "Torse de Jeune Femme," a beautifully patinated bronze; the "Portrait de Jeune Cycliste, Gaston Colin," an exquisite nude in bronze, *cire perdue*, and the bas-relief in lead, "Le Désir"—serve to indicate Maillol's quality. He is a classicist with strong naturalistic tendencies; his figures are full of knowledge; his spirit is plastic; his desire for the expression of beauty unbounded, and his honesty amounts to a supreme artistic conviction. He is the least venal of all sculptors. Not even the bribe of a monument, however elaborate and extensive, would lure him from the fastness in which his artistic integrity holds itself at bay. He has made a monument to his friend Cézanne for Aux-en-Provence, the painter's birthplace; but that was at the invitation of a committee headed by Monet, and Renoir whose sensitive head he has so tactfully modelled. The Cézanne monument is a beautiful nude female figure reclining, the left hand holding votive flowers. For his "Monument to the Dead" at Céret he has made a simple, seated, bowed woman's figure in contemporary dress to be understood by the women whose men were lost. Céret is near the birthplace of Maillol, Banyuls-sur-Mer, on the shore of the Western Mediterranean, in the old province of Catalonia. He is claimed by the Catalan School, and at Céret he is at the head of the group of artists who congregate there and form the Céret Circle. Here he lives half the year; the other half at Marly-le-Roi, just outside Paris, working alone as far as possible and seeing as few people as may be; sharing the honours of contemporary French sculpture with Emile Bourdelle the neo-Gothic modeller, and Joseph Bernard the exponent of *en taille directe*. An album of twenty-four phototypes, with an essay by Waldemar George, is published in Paris by the Librairie de France, 110 Boulevard Saint - Germain (30 francs).

K. P.

WATERCOLOURS OF SUSSEX

Mr. Garnet Wolseley's exhibition of watercolours of Sussex at the Fine Art Society's Gallery in Bond Street is interesting from two points of view, as being the record of a Sussex, particularly of an architectural Sussex, that is passing away, and as the first exhibition by an artist whose work is in process of remarkable development.

These watercolours fall into two classes—those which



TORSO

By Maillol

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are primarily illustrations to Viscountess Wolseley's new book, "Sussex in the Past," and those which are more definitely designed to be pictures rather than illustrations. A different critical approach is needed in assessing these two opposed types. Their purpose is different, and that their technique is different, too, is the best of good signs. It shows that Mr. Wolseley is not the slave of a set of theories; he does not work to a formula, but can make his technique subservient to his aim.

Of those of his watercolours which were executed as pictorial commentary to Lady Wolseley's book, No. 9, "The Old Rectory House, Coombes," shows skill in draughtsmanship, and No. 14, "A Very Ancient House at Bignor," is profoundly competent; and in No. 23, "Autumn at Washington," his sensitive reaction to colour has added to architectural accuracy in detail so vivid a sense of beauty that this particular picture belongs to the other category of his work, and the same may be said also of No. 4, "Lancing College." But the best in this category is No. 20, "Chancery Ring from Lower Chancery." This is at all points a very good piece of work. All are not so successful as these; there is evidence, especially in the delineation of churches, of perfunctory work—work done not, perhaps, actually against the grain, but seemingly from necessity rather than impulse; they are willed rather than spontaneous.

But the case is very other with those watercolours which are not illustrations, but more definitely the result of the creative, as against the receptive, mood. No. 25, "Showery Dawn," is filled with a true sense of atmospheric values; and No. 30, "The Heart of a Beechwood," is accurately—but not niggardly—drawn and gives the illusion of the abounding life in sap and soil. This is a vignette of what is cosmic in one small corner of a wood, and is a startlingly successful piece of work. But the best picture in the whole exhibition is No. 28, "September Dawn." This has a lyric quality, and the lyricism is seen both in the joyous colour of it and in its no less joyous design. There is nothing here of what is occasionally found in a few of the others, the commonplace. For instance, No. 19, "The Rickyard," seems to me uninspired and technically below Mr. Wolseley's level, and his level is too good for him not to be able to stand the adverse comparison.

Altogether Mr. Wolseley's first exhibition shows him to be an artist whom it will well repay to watch. His art is sane, but not heavily traditional; vital, but not spasmodic. Above all, it has the impress of sincerity, and he has the imagination which goes beyond the mere brushwork. His sense of the balance of values is at the same time delicate and robust, and he can draw. But there is evidence that watercolour is not his truest medium, and an exhibition of his work in oils is clearly due. WALLACE B. NICHOLS

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

A most interesting programme of University Extension lectures for the coming session has just been issued by the University of London, South Kensington. In addition to the courses which will be delivered in the City, lectures will be given at about fifty local centres in different parts of London and the suburbs. The subjects treated cover a wide range, and courses of great interest on various periods and aspects of Literature, Geography, Painting, Music, History, Science, Architecture, and Economics are included in the list. A new departure this session

is the establishment of a diploma on the Literary, Historical, and Comparative Study of the Bible, and several courses in preparation for that diploma have been arranged.

BRITISH ART FOR JUGO-SLAVIA. WINTER EXHIBITIONS ARRANGED

Sir Robert Witt, vice-chairman of the "British Artists' Exhibitions," has completed the arrangements with the Jugo-Slav Society of Great Britain for an exhibition of British art in Jugo-Slavia this winter. A selection from those works of art which are at present in the British Pavilion at the Venice International Exhibition will be made by Mr. Philip Connard, R.A., Mr. Gerald Brockhurst, A.R.A., and Mr. Reid Dick, A.R.A. They will be transferred in November to Jugo-Slavia, and will be shown at Belgrade, Zagreb, and Ljubljana with the co-operation of local committees in those places. This exhibition is an addition to the original programme planned by Sir Joseph Duveen.

THE AUTUMN BOOK WINDOW

The autumn issue of "The Book Window" is now ready, and in it W. H. Smith and Son have set forth a most appetizing bill of fare for the coming book season.

An interview with Jeffery Farnol takes the place of importance in the issue, as well it may, for there is probably no novelist of the day who has a bigger or surer grip on the public—in spite of the fact that none of his books are available in those extravagantly cheap editions which are the vogue in certain quarters. Farnol says that our British stock is as sound as ever, but, as one might have expected, he has misgivings about modern youth's love of pleasure and ease. There are tendencies in modern fiction about which he is not slow to express his dislike, and he attributes these tendencies to the fact that the writers concerned have never themselves seriously faced life. All the usual well-known features of "The Book Window" are in evidence. For example, there is advance information—to the extent of fourteen pages carefully classified—concerning the books which will be issued from the publishing houses during the next three months. It is, indeed, a real guide to book buying and book reading.

A REMBRANDT MASTERPIECE

By the courtesy of Messrs. Duveen we are able to publish on Plate facing page 298 a reproduction of Rembrandt's portrait of Hindrickje Stoffels, formerly in the famous Huldsczensky collection. In the recent sale of that collection the portrait was purchased by Messrs. Duveen, and it has since been announced that it has passed into the collection of Lord Melchett.

By permission of Messrs. Arthur Ackermann and Son we are able to publish a coloured reproduction of an interesting painting, "The Kill," by William J. Shayer. The artist was born at Chichester in 1811 and spent most of his life in London where he exhibited in the Royal Academy and other galleries. He was engaged entirely in painting sporting subjects, including hunting and coaching scenes.

Our illustration on page 311 was intended to accompany Mr. Furst's notice of the photographic salon in our last number. It is so pleasant a picture in itself, and so fine an example of modern photography, that it deserves to be reproduced, apart from its original purpose.

